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REVIEWS.

THE REAL PEASANT.

Joseph Arch: the Story of His Life Told by Himself. Edited, with a Preface, by the Countess of Warwick. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE ACADEMY is not a political journal, and in considering this book we propose to ignore its highly controversial aspect, and concentrate attention upon its value as a literary document of the very first importance. At no previous time have so many imaginations been directed to the rural swain. Not only by the flourishing Scotch school, but by novelists of France, Germany, Russia, Hungary, and America the peasant has been accepted as a central figure of modern romance. Even criticism has been forced into the same groove. Mr. Henley has quite recently shown that an understanding of the peasant is a key to the poetry of Burns. It is equally important to a full comprehension of Carlyle's life and of the best of Tennyson's verse. English literature, indeed—from Chaucer and Shakespeare to George Eliot and Thomas Hardy—is peculiarly rich in scenes drawn from rustic annals. But we know of no book exactly similar to this life of Mr. Arch. Here is a full-drawn picture of the peasant given by his own hand. William Cobbett alone could have furnished its companion, but, unfortunately, he left others to write his biography. To contrast the real, then, with the ideal, the peasant of fiction with the peasant of fact, cannot fail to be of service both to those who read and those who write works of the imagination. And one of the first reflections is, what a heaven on earth must Drumtochty, say, be in comparison with Barford in Warwickshire. For Ian Maclaren has bathed his Scotch hamlet in mercy, charity, loving-kindness; his folk have rough exteriors but warm hearts; they sacrifice themselves for one another and positively overflow with sentiment at the slightest provocation. The place teems with pathos and all "the finer feelings of our nature." Yet the Scottish peasant is generally supposed to be as hard in mind as he is harsh in feature, possessing about a pennyweight of sentiment to a ton of

sterner qualities. In Barford it is the other way about. The "jolly English plough-boy," by repute a merry, beer-swilling, good-natured oaf, turns out quite different when seen through the eyes of Mr. Joseph Arch.

In the article of religion he is a greater fanatic than the Scot. There are no "meta-physic" about Mr. Arch; no twisting and dividing of doctrine, none of that criticising of sermons which seems to be the joy of Ian Maclaren's *dramatis personæ*, but in place a fanaticism that blazes out as it has not done since the day of Praise-God-Barebones and those who signed the solemn League and Covenant.

"The Almighty Maker of Heaven and Earth," he says, "raised me up to do this particular thing; in the counsel of His wisdom He singled me out and set me on my feet in His sight and breathed of the breath of His Spirit into me, and sent me forth as a messenger of the Lord God of Battles."

It is a curious illustration of the isolation of one section of society from another that in years when, as some thought, the sea of faith was at its lowest ebb, men should have gone on mixing prayer-meetings with politics, not in opposition to doubt, but wholly unconscious that doubt existed. Some of the incidents which account for the fiery Methodism of Mr. Arch are very characteristic of village life and manners. When he was born, in 1826, Dissent was not strong in Barford, and, as retainers of the house of Warwick, his people attended the parish church. His grandfather was a hedger and ditcher, his grandmother an old servant of the great Midland family, for whom they kept a lodge; his father was a steady shepherd who married a coachman's widow. He himself took to wife a domestic servant, whose character is summed up in these words:

"She thought 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.'"

These facts prove that Mr. Arch is a peasant to the bone. No yeoman or middle-class blood of any kind mixed with his. Further, he has been all his life in touch not only with poverty, but with hunger and want. He sums up his life with all its bitter and all its tender memories in a passage that deserves quotation as a deeply felt and well-expressed piece of English:

"As I sit here in my little cottage at Barford and review the past, it seems at one moment a long look back; at another it seems but yesterday that my grandmother sat in the chair I am sitting in now—a chair which is over a hundred years old—and I stood by her a little chap of six. And there is the old eight-day clock which my father bought in Leamington fifty years ago. He, I have heard him tell, carried home the case over his shoulder, and my mother trudged at his side with the works in her market basket. I can see my good mother cutting the barley bread for us, with tears in her eyes because there is so little of it for the children who are so hungry. I can see my father step in at the door, come in for a bite or sup of whatever is going. I can see myself tramping off in my little smock-frock, clapper in hand, to scare away the birds; then jumping the clods at sixpence a day, and so on to the great year of 1872, when I held that first meeting under the Wellesbourne chestnut-tree on

the February evening which saw the birth of the Agricultural Labourers' Union."

That is peasant life, lying tranquil and softened in "the moonlight of memory." It grows harsh and bitter as the facts come into clear and definite shape. The urchin in his smock-frock writhing under the farmer's switch, and, later, trembling at the whip of a bullying carter; the wife going out to do charring; that father who came home so triumphantly, carrying the clock, old and past his work; the son Joseph forced to gulp down his pride and ask relief for him from the parish; the offer of the workhouse—these are the shadows of that Arcadian picture. It is not Ian Maclaren's golden age and reign of all the virtues, but neither is it the gross and worse than beast-like world of *La Terre*.

Having thus obtained a slight notion of the man, we may now return to those quaint scenes of village life that might have been lifted clean out of, or into, a modern novel; premising, however, that they would gain immensely if divested of the bitterness with which Mr. Arch, rightly or wrongly, presents them, and looked at with a little humour and imagination. We shall begin with two pictures of the village church. The first is this:

"I can remember the time when the parson's wife used to sit in state in her pew in the church, and the poor women used to walk up the church and make a curtsy to her before taking the seats set apart for them."

But how one would like to have Jane Austen's description or Hugh Thomson's drawing of this parson's wife! The second has a more personal interest, as it shows how Mr. Arch became a Dissenter. One Communion Sunday, when he was seven, he peeped through the keyhole to find out what happened after the children were turned out. This is what he saw:

"First up walked the squire to the communion rails; the farmers went up next; then up went the tradesmen, the shopkeepers, the wheelwright, and the blacksmith; and then, the very last of all, went the poor agricultural labourers in their smock-frocks. They walked up by themselves; nobody else knelt with them; it was as if they were unclean, and at that sight it was if the iron entered straight into my poor little heart, and remained fast imbedded there. I said to my myself, 'If that's what goes on, never for me.'"

Our next extract is selected as one of the very few recollections that are simple and human and boylike, and are not tinged or distorted by bitter party feeling. Little Joe, after his bird-scaring experience, was promoted to be a plough-boy, and this is a description of "apple-dumpling day." He carried his dinner afield in a wallet. He says:

"Apple-dumpling day was a red one in my boy's calendar. When I had such a dainty bit in my bag it seldom stayed there many minutes. Although I had despatched a hearty breakfast before starting, out would come the dumpling. 'Just to have a look at it, and to see if it is as big as mother generally makes them,' I would say to myself. Then I would turn it about and admire its size. From handling the dainty to tasting it was a sure process. 'I'll have one little bite, only a nibble,' I would say. When I had got my tooth into that dumpling Adam

with his apple wasn't in it; it was a case of once bitten soon gone. Then I would hurry on to make up for my dawdling with only the hunch of barl-y bread in my wallet, the joys of the dumpling behind me, and before me the day's drudgery with perhaps a thrashing thrown in."

No *coulour de rose* peasanthood here, but a struggle on the utmost confines of existence! To complete the picture, take the following paragraph and consider the pathos of that pride which the author expresses by italics:

"Numbers of people used to go to the rectory for soup, but not a drop of it did we touch. I have stood at our door with my mother, and I have seen her face look sad as she watched the little children toddle past carrying the tin cans, and their toes coming out of their boots. 'Ah, my boy,' she once said, 'you shall never, never, do that. I will work these fingers to the bone before you have to do it!' She was as good as her word. I never went to the rectory for soup."

We can scarcely be wrong in assuming that the extracts will serve to show what a stern view is presented in this book of the life of country swains. Here Corydon blows not "on chaunter or on oaten straw," but is visible only as a grim figure shouldering the pickaxe or the spade. And if at times he refreshes himself with music, it is indignation that makes the verses. A number of the ditties sung by shepherds are given here. In most cases their character will be indicated by the first line, such as "There's a man who represents our shire," "O, workman, awake, for the strife is at hand," or

"Arch is going to Parliament
With a grand majority."

Phyllis is not seen dancing on the village green, but is doing laundry and charing work at next to nothing a week. Both express what dim poetry is in them by being pious and Methodist, and singing hymns that are mere doggerel, if those quoted by Mr. Arch are good samples. A very dismal account of country life, says the reader; and he is right, but in dismalness lies its distinction.

And now the literary conscience bids us add a few words of criticism. The Countess of Warwick has done her work well, but she would have done it better had she persuaded Mr. Arch to tone down his rhetoric and compress his language. The book would have been of priceless value if more of these reminiscences of village life had been given and the astonishingly tedious discourses shorn away. Mr. Joseph Arch on the Game Laws to the tune of thirty pages, emigration twenty-two pages, Franchise twenty-two pages, the Agricultural Labourers' Union *x* pages (we cannot sum them all up, they are the most tedious of all), and that bugbear the Agricultural Depression twenty-three pages, is not stimulating. He is not a thinker, therefore makes no great addition to our knowledge; not a great writer, and so fails to keep our attention. Also he interlards his narrative with yards of old speeches—a most reprehensible practice. Nothing grows old sooner than a political oration—why, even those of Bright and Gladstone and Disraeli can only be read now with an effort. But on the other hand, all his anecdotes and sayings

and doings are worthy of careful preservation, because they help to build up a character that any novelist would have been proud of creating. For conceive what a fertile imagination could have made of him! A Radical of the Radicals, repeating the notorious phrase that angered Bishop Fraser, to the effect that he would view with equanimity streets flowing with the blood of landlords, yet proud to represent the Prince of Wales, and be patronised by the Countess of Warwick; an agitator and organiser obliged to defend himself from the gravest accusations brought forward by his own colleagues, yet declaring himself the chosen of God; a political propagandist, a Methodist preacher, the "champion hedger," and a Member of Parliament, at one moment scuffling for his share of charity, at another dining with peers and celebrities—was there ever such a grotesque mingling of attributes? The book is one for future novelists to plunder.

THE LATE PROF. DRUMMOND'S POPULARITY.

The Ideal Life, and Other Unpublished Addresses. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS volume contains some dozen addresses or short sermons delivered by the late Prof. Drummond between his twenty-sixth and thirtieth years, and before he had gained the ear of the public. They are all devoted to points of what is called practical religion, and any discussion of them here would therefore be out of place. The two biographical sketches by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Ian Maclaren with which the book opens, will, however, give much food for reflection to all who are interested in literature.

This is the greater paradox, as Prof. Drummond's place in literature is a very small one. During his University career at Edinburgh he distinguished himself in science, and his subsequent appointment to the lectureship in Natural Science (afterwards raised to a professorial chair) at the Free Church College in Glasgow, seemed to mark out his future course in life. He appears to have been an excellent teacher, especially in geology and botany, and to have kept himself thoroughly familiar with the biological theories of the day. His devotion to his work was shown by the visit that he paid to Lake Tanganyika, and the privations which he there suffered in the collection of specimens. Although in orders, he never allowed himself to be addressed as "Reverend," abjured clerical clothes, and seldom went to church. But for his early death, he might have been expected, by those who knew only this side of him, to sink into the ordinary type of college professor, and to write, in his old age, a gigantic work on the Lepidoptera which would be praised by many and read by few.

But Henry Drummond was, both by birth and training, a Celt, and possessed the double personality so often to be found in

the Celtic race. Within the quiet and undistinguished man of science, there lurked another Henry Drummond animated with the evangelical fervour of a St. Francis d'Assisi or a Savonarola. Born of the strictest sect of Calvinists, there is no reason to suppose that he ever wavered in his faith; but it is evident, to anyone who will read between the lines of the present sketches, that what Calvinists would call his "conversion" dated from the visit of "the American evangelist, Mr. Moody," to Edinburgh in 1873. Thereafter he joined himself with Moody; conducted for two years an evangelical campaign in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, according to Dr. Nicoll, saved the Free Church from the doom which its too conservative view of "traditional Christianity" was bringing upon it, by showing the world that the most characteristic doctrines of Calvinism were perfectly consistent with the acceptance of the latest conclusions of natural science. Spurred on by his success as an evangelist, he resolved to appeal to a wider audience than he had hitherto addressed, and published, in 1883, a selection from his spoken lectures under the title of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. The result must have exceeded his wildest hopes. Dr. Nicoll tells us that 120,000 copies have been sold in England alone, while the American and foreign editions are "beyond count." A smaller book on something of the same lines ran into the third of a million, and his charmingly written but extremely brief account of his adventures in East Central Africa reached a sale of 34,000. Dr. Nicoll is certainly within the mark when he suggests that no living novelist ever had so many readers.

Some small part of this success may, perhaps, be accounted for by the extent of his personal influence. Henry Drummond appears to have been one of those rare persons who win everybody with whom they come in contact as if by magic. To a handsome presence, and manners so gentle that he is said never to have uttered an unkind word, he joined a real refinement of mind and qualifications not to be found in the ordinary evangelist. His information, if not profound, was extensive and accurate, and both his biographers dwell significantly on the fact that he was always perfectly dressed. When we add to this a real gift of humour and the utter absence of vanity, it is no wonder that he made his way equally with high and low.

"He received," says Dr. Nicoll, "more of the confidences of people untouched by the ordinary work of the Church than any other man of his time. Men and women came to him in their deepest and bitterest perplexities. . . . He was an ideal confessor."

To Ian Maclaren, indeed, his personal magnetism is so extraordinary that he thinks it necessary to record that "he had given much attention to the occult arts, and was at one time a very successful mesmerist." If this were the cause of it, the sooner occult arts are added to the present curriculum of every theological college the better.

But whatever effect his personal influence may have had on his hearers, it is plain that thousands of his readers can never have seen

his face or heard his voice, and we must therefore look deeper for the cause of his popularity as a writer. It was certainly not due to the literary merit of his books. In his earlier works, consisting as they did of lectures largely addressed to working men, his style, perhaps rightly, did not rise above that of the ordinary sermon. *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* in particular is full of piled-up illustration and rhetorical repetitions designed to produce in slow minds the assent which apparently follows the advertiser's constant assertion that somebody's tea is the best. His later books, such as *Tropical Africa* and the *Ascent of Man*, show a great advance upon this, and display in parts literary gifts of a high order. Yet the change can hardly have been to the taste of his readers, for the sale of these last is reckoned by tens instead of hundreds of thousands. Nor can it be said that his theories gained universal acceptance. People do not so readily change their preconceived opinions, and while from the Agnostic camp, Mr. Samuel Laing courteously complained that Prof. Drummond should have proved instead of assuming the existence of a spiritual world before attempting to describe its legislation, many orthodox writers detected in his utterances such theological unsoundness that they talked much of a prosecution for heresy. These attacks were, perhaps, to be expected, but it is certainly astonishing to hear from Ian Maclaren that Drummond saw before his death the weakness of the position which *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* was written to defend, and that he no longer believed the laws of nature to extend beyond the physical universe. "My own idea," says Ian Maclaren of the book in question, "is that he had abandoned its main contention and much of its teaching, and would have been quite willing to see it withdrawn from the public." A theory so soon given up by its author could hardly be expected to make many converts.

On the whole, therefore, we are led to think the popularity of Drummond's writings due to their purpose rather than to their contents. He was the first to notice that the reluctant acquiescence by the leaders of religious thought in scientific doctrines which they had at first rejected, had done more than anything else to create distrust of their judgment. Those who saw, for instance, the open teaching in religious seminaries of the evolutionary theories once scouted by the orthodox as contrary to revelation, could hardly help looking in future to reason rather than to authority for the support of their faith.

"The authority of authority," said Drummond, "is waning. . . . And it was inevitable. Authority—man's authority, that is—for children. And there, necessarily, comes a time when they add to the question—What shall I do? or, What shall I believe? the adult's interrogation—Why?"

Nor did he blink the fact that the study of natural science and its methods in itself raised obstacles to the unquestioning acceptance of religious dogmas:

"No man can study modern science," he said, "without a change coming over his view of truth. . . . And the integrity of the scientific

method so seizes him that all other forms of truth begin to appear comparatively unstable."

Later, he tells us what are the "other forms of truth" he means:

"Science cannot overthrow Faith; but it shakes it. Its own doctrines, grounded in Nature, are so certain that the truths of Religion, resting to most men on authority, are felt to be strangely insecure."

It was, then, to those who had found their religious faith shaken by their acquaintance with science that his principal works were confessedly addressed, and the result proved that this class of doubters is an astonishingly large one. Yet to doubt is not to deny, and the majority of those who rushed to read Drummond's books unquestionably hoped to find in them the main truths of religion established by proof as cogent as that of any scientific proposition. That they did not do so is, of course, notorious; and, as we have seen, Drummond's arguments eventually failed to satisfy even himself. Hence the constantly increasing army of unwilling doubters has had to betake itself to newer, but no surer guides, and a large audience is therefore waiting for any writer who will attempt to bridge over the gulf which still yawns between science and religion. Let us hope that everyone who does so will bring to the task the high ideal, the deep earnestness, and the candid mind of Henry Drummond.

THE PROPHET AS POET.

Ezekiel. Edited by R. G. Moulton, M.A. "The Modern Reader's Bible." (Macmillan & Co.)

Most people read the Bible from a religious standpoint, an historical standpoint, a textual standpoint, everything except a literary standpoint. Wherefore, Messrs. Macmillan have put forward the *Modern Reader's Bible*—a series of small volumes by an American, Dr. Moulton, in which the Biblical books are arranged to bring out their literary character. The idea is to print them as nearly as possible as they would be arranged by a modern author. Our aim is not to criticise this edition, or we might say something about certain fanciful excesses in the editor's arrangement. But it is a move in a needed direction, and the prefaces do excellent work in awakening readers to the fact that the Bible is literature. We propose, somewhat on the line of these prefaces, to deal with the most literary of all the Biblical writers—the prophets. The prophecies are not, we believe, in Hebrew poetic form. But their character is, from a modern standpoint, poetic in a high degree. As poets we design to consider the prophets; and we begin with the least read among the major prophets (yet not the least in a literary view), Ezekiel.

To give, in a column or so, the pith and quality of Ezekiel! It is a hazardous attempt, and more hazardous because he is so little studied that we can presume no great acquaintance with him to lighten the task. Ezekiel (if we may so speak) is not a popular

prophet. He is too remote from Europeans in general, and Englishmen in particular. Of all the prophets he is the most Eastern. All the prophets speak in figures; Ezekiel in hardly anything else but figures. All the prophets are abrupt, sudden, dramatic in transition; Ezekiel hardly has transitions. He does not proceed by pedestrian steps; he flies, he baffles, he eludes—you see him only, as it were, when he alights from his brusque flights. He leaps from jag to jag of precipitous utterance, and leaves the reader to bridge the connexions. He speaks forked lightnings. All the prophets are often obscure by consequence of this Hebrew abruptness; Ezekiel is yet more obscure. All the prophets are at times obscure with intention; Ezekiel is habitually obscure with intention. Parable is the common counter of his speech. He knew it, and knew that it was dark to the Jew. What, then, to the Englishman? In a curious and valuable passage, he remonstrates with Jehovah for this constant feature of style:

"Son of man" (says Jehovah), "set thy face toward the South . . . and prophesy against the forest of the field in the South; and say to the forest of the South . . . Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devour every green tree in thee, and every dry tree."

Ezekiel objects: "Ah, Lord God! they say of me, Is he not a speaker of parables?" Whereupon the prophet, in the person of Jehovah, absolutely translates himself—the allegoric passage gone before—into plain Hebrew:

"Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem . . . and prophesy against the land of Israel; and say to the land of Israel, Thus saith the Lord: Behold, I am against thee, and will draw forth my sword out of its sheath, and will cut off from thee the righteous and the wicked."

It is a literal translation, from which the student may get an interesting insight into the allegoric language of the prophets.

"Is he not a speaker of parables?" That is the instinctive complaint of the Englishman against Ezekiel. The Englishman loves not looking through brick walls. Yet more, Ezekiel acts parables. It is hopelessly Eastern, dreadfully un-English; and what worse can one say of a thing than that it is "un-English"? Conceive that John Henry Newman (who was both preacher and poet) believed himself to have a mission of warning against the national sins of England. He enters Trafalgar-square, bearing a cavalry sabre. Amid the gathering crowd he draws it from its sheath, declaring it to be the sword of the Lord drawn forth against England; turns from side to side, lunging it hither and thither, with passionate denunciation. Then throwing it to the ground, he smites his hands together, and with raised eyes wails over the coming woes of the land; and still he stamps his foot, and claps his palms. Another time, he appears daily in the environs of London; lies on his side, looking toward the city, and regales himself at intervals on a provision of cats'-meat. Thus, he explains, shall the German army lie round London, till the inhabitants are reduced to live on cats'-meat and refuse. What articles, even

in the religious papers, rebuking him for degrading religion by freaks worse than those of a captain in the Salvation Army! What suggestions of inquiry into his sanity! Yet these things, or like to these, Ezekiel did among the Jews of the Captivity; and it was thought an impressive and solemn performance. So far is East from West.

"Is he not a speaker of parables?" But try a little to see like an Eastern; overcome your most Saxon hatred of parable, and you shall find compensation; majesty in the parables, boldness in the imagery. You shall find that impressive review of the iniquities of Israel and Judah, under the figure of the two harlots, with its grand brutalities. For a hirsute power of denunciation, a terrible minatory plainness from which our modernity recoils, are among this prophet's marked characteristics. He has not the lofty and most moving pathos of Jeremiah, nor the lyric sublimity of Isaiah; in spite of his lavish use of figure, he is less lyric than either of these, has more of the character of harangue. But he has full grandeur. Yea, one passage is also powerfully lyric. It is that most imaginative, solemn, and majestic denunciation of Egypt, who is bidden to join the mighty nations perished in their glory, that shall welcome him to their abode in the earth.

"The strong among the mighty shall speak to him out of hell. . . . Asshur is there and all her company; his graves are round about him. . . . There is Elam with all her multitude. . . . they have set her a bed in the midst of the slain with all her multitude; her graves are round about her; all of them uncircumcised, slain by the sword."

So, with formal pomp of lyric repetition, the spacious and sombre catalogue proceeds. The famous and indecipherable vision of the cherubim, for those who are not repelled by the peculiar forms of Hebrew symbolism, has a strange sublimity of conception. To us, at least, it is tremendous: but it must be read in a receptive mood. A certain mystic and inscrutable beauty is a frequent character of Ezekiel, with his tendency towards symbolic vision. Such is the lament over Tyre, which foreshadows the character of the Apocalypse. "Thou wast in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering—the sardius, the topaz, and the diamond," &c. To him, indeed, everything comes by way of vision and concrete sign. Such is that bold (and for once readily comprehensible) image of the dry bones.

In fine, this is a poet without the softer graces; rugged, eloquent, Hebraic to a degree, with his sharp transitions, his crowding imagery; yet affording, also, passages of direct and pregnant common sense, akin to his uncompromising plainness of invective; pre-eminently a visionary, who sees all things through the eye, and with the frequent grandeurs of the born visionary; yet, in his style, lacking somewhat the lyric form and the lyric wing.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

The Sub-conscious Self, and its Relation to Education and Health. By Louis Waldstein, M.D. (Grant Richards.)

THE author of this book, which appears to be of American origin, aims high. He proposes to improve both our health and our morals, to heighten our artistic and æsthetic tastes, nay, to manufacture genius itself and at the same time to diminish crime, insanity, and other evil tendencies of human nature by—what? The proper cultivation of the sub-conscious self. It must not be assumed that this sub-conscious self is the possession of the privileged few. We all have it, though in varying degrees. Dr. Waldstein divides mental action into two classes—the conscious and the sub-conscious. The latter, he contends, plays a large, though commonly unsuspected, part in our lives.

"What is often called heredity is simply the expression of a sub-conscious self, the beginnings of which can be traced to early childhood when the actions of the parents are sub-consciously perceived and by their constant repetition form fundamental impressions which make up a great part of the memory. . . . From conscious impressions and the accumulation of them the intellectual, the calculating, the deliberate man is formed. From the rich material of the unconscious impressions is evolved the emotional, the spontaneous, the passionate man."

Although Dr. Waldstein minimises the part played by heredity in the mental and physical equipment of the individual, he cannot, of course, get rid of it altogether. That a child may inherit the particular kind of liver or stomach of a parent as well as the nose or eye he admits, and in the face of the family likenesses that are met with every day it would be hopeless to deny the fact. But these are all-important sub-conscious impressions. They, too, are obviously dependent upon an inherited system of nerves and nerve-cells, as Dr. Waldstein is fain to own:

"The colour of an object, for instance, affects the eye of one who is colour-blind differently from that of another whose colour-sense is normal. Again, certain sounds and chords produce different effects upon the ear according to the constitution of that organ in different persons. . . . The same original variations exist in the nerves which conduct and in the brain which receives the impressions."

Thus, on the very threshold of his inquiry, Dr. Waldstein is confronted with a physical condition of things which gravely discounts his theory as to the effects of education both conscious and unconscious. It is clear that the nature of the tune to be played must largely depend upon the quality of the instrument, and that important condition is hereditary, or rather, as the Weismannites would say, is due to the particular blend of germ-plasm that takes place at conception. We have no quarrel with Dr. Waldstein's theory; it is not, indeed, new, but may be traced as far back as Schelling's speculations as to the "Ego" a hundred years ago; for the "Ego" of the old metaphysicians and the Consciousness of the modern psychologist are practically one and the same. In

elaborating a theory of the Sub-conscious, or any other theory, care must be taken not to ride it to death. The following proposition may be accepted without question:

"The accumulated contents of our memory govern our emotions, our thoughts and actions, and therefore that portion of our memory made up of sub-conscious impressions, and their aggregate, must necessarily play a great part in our individual life."

But the danger of overworking the theory becomes apparent when, after condemning the notion that a vicious mental organisation is necessarily transmittable from father to son, Dr. Waldstein points to the cultivation of sub-conscious impressions as "a certain means of prevention and of cure" (p. 19).

"Is it too bold," asks the author, "to assert that the crying baby who makes a slave of its mother develops into the habitual malcontent of society? That the child surrounded by every outward sign of shiftlessness, cheerlessness—that lives in an atmosphere of egotism, discord, and white lies, may grow to the man who may some day surprise his friends by acts that seem out of harmony with the life he had been leading among them?"

Yes; for our part we think the assumption is too sweeping, if Dr. Waldstein means to put down the degeneracy of the child solely to its sub-conscious impressions of its parents' worthlessness. For what justification is there for excluding hereditary influence here? Parents who would live the life supposed could not themselves be normally constituted citizens; and it is plausible, at least, to argue that the instability of their cerebral and nervous system should be transmitted, along with various physical attributes, features, complexion, stature, &c., to their offspring.

If Dr. Waldstein is right, then children brought up and educated under similar conditions ought to be as like each other as two peas. Indeed, he asserts as much:

"The refined tastes and joyous dispositions of the elder children in a family with whom I often came into contact was a matter of some surprise to me, as I could not account for the common trait among them by the position or special characteristics of the parents; they were in the humblest position socially, and all but poor. My first visit to their modest home furnished me with the natural solution and gave me much food for reflection. The children—there were six—occupied two rooms into which the sunlight was pouring as I entered. . . . the colour and design of the cheap wall paper were cheerful and unobtrusive, bits of carpet, the table cover and the coverlets on the beds were all in harmony, and of quiet design in nearly the elementary colours; everything in these poor rooms of poor people had been chosen with the truest judgment for æsthetic effect."

Again:

"A young boy of my acquaintance had an invincible dislike to music, and could not be prevailed upon to continue his piano lessons. I was impressed by the violence of his aversion, and upon inquiry was told that he was born and passed his infancy in a house next to a conservatory of music; no doubt he had been constantly disturbed in his sleep by the discordance of sounds from a number of instruments played at the same time."

These seem certainly far-fetched assumptions. One wonders, for instance, from what kind of conservatory of music would flow a "discordance of sounds" sufficiently loud to be heard next door. Dr. Waldstein evidently spares no pains to make his facts fit his theory. To some of the commonest experiences of life he pays no heed. Notoriously, children brought up under the same conditions differ morally and mentally as much as they do in features. Has Dr. Waldstein never heard of the "black sheep" of the family, or, on the other hand, of the genius? And would he propose to reduce them all to the same dead level of aptitude by a systematic and uniform cultivation of the sub-conscious? Just a closing word on the question of genius. Dr. Waldstein is unquestionably right in assigning the workings of genius to the sub-conscious strata of the brain. The poet's and artist's best ideas suddenly come from—they know not where, and during sleep pre-existent thoughts are often fashioned and developed in an amazing degree. That the sub-conscious plays indeed a large part in our lives is self-evident; but from a recognition of that fact to proposing to educate it, and by its means fashion the moral and intellectual man to pattern, is a far cry. Still, this ingenious book will not have been written in vain if it directs attention to a branch of education that is perhaps too much neglected. The sub-conscious may not be as impressionable or as tractable as Dr. Waldstein supposes; but as regards the possibility of storing up agreeable impressions in the child's mind it may be as well to err on the safe side.

SOME RECENT THEOLOGY.

Genesis Critically and Exegetically Expounded.

By Dr. A. Dillmann. Translated by W. B. Stevenson, B.D. (T. & T. Clark.)

A MUCH needed translation of a well-known work by the late Professor of Theology in Berlin. Dillmann was one of the best examples of the conservative school of Biblical criticism, and to the last maintained his hostile attitude towards the more daring theories of Wellhausen and Kuenen. In the present commentary he disputes their conclusions as to the post-Exilic character of the Priestly Code, which he considers to be the oldest component of the Pentateuch, the work of the Elohist coming next, and that of the Jehovist last. On less technical points he asserts, with robust common sense, that the "days" in Gen. i. mean days and not geological periods, that it is the serpent in his animal capacity, and not the devil in his likeness, who tempts Eve, and that the "sons of God" who are represented in Gen. vi. as intriguing with the daughters of men are angels, and nothing else. The author is in only a few respects behind the time, as when he says that the *Bohu* or *Bahu* (i.e., Chaos) of Gen. i. has no equivalent in "the Assyro-Babylonian mythological circle," Dr. Hommel having pointed out some years ago that the Chaos-goddess *Bahu* was one of the earliest divinities of the Sumerian pantheon.

Mr. Stevenson's translation is careful, but occasionally harsh, and in many cases the clumsy locutions of the German original are reproduced with hardly any alteration. On the other hand, he has added three excellent indexes which the German work does not possess. No one interested in the orthodox view of Scripture can afford to neglect this book.

The Dawn of Civilisation. By Prof. Maspero. Translated by M. L. McClure. (S.P.C.K.)

A THIRD edition of this deservedly popular work. To the Egyptological portion Prof. Maspero has added four new pages dealing with the discovery made by Prof. Flinders Petrie of the existence of an early cannibal race in Egypt. Among the additions to the Assyriological part we may notice the texts announced last year by M. Heuzey, which go to show that the *patesis*, or "priest-kings" of Lagash, were really the vicegerents of a dynasty of emperors comprising the conqueror Sargon of Accad and his successors. So much has been said about the defective translation of Prof. Maspero's second volume, that we feel bound to notice that on p. 550 of the present book: "Les premiers peuples [of Mesopotamia] paraissent avoir appartenu à des types très différents," is translated by: "The first races . . . seem to have belonged to three (!) different types," thereby making nonsense of the paragraph.

The Mysteries, Pagan and Christian. By S. Cheetham, D.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS book, containing the Hulsean Lectures for 1896-97, was apparently written in refutation of the theory advanced by the late Dr. Hatch, that the Christian Eucharist is in part a survival of the Eleusinia and other Pagan mysteries. Canon Cheetham makes the best of his case, and effectually disposes, at any rate, of Dr. Hatch's statement that a lamb was actually offered on the altar in early Christian times. But there is a good deal to be said on the other side; and we confess that the allusion in certain early papyri to bread and wine as the body and blood of one of the heathen gods seems to us very difficult to get over. However that may be, we can all enjoy the lucidity of statement and ripe scholarship which Canon Cheetham brings to bear upon his subject, while we fully appreciate his good temper and fairness to opponents.

The Supernatural in Nature. By Joseph William Reynolds, M.A. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS is, as we learn from the preface, a new and cheap edition, published at the expense of General Elliot. The book is said to be written for doctors and "other truth-loving men in danger of being beguiled by the sophisms of imperfect science"; but we doubt if anyone having the slightest acquaintance with science, however imperfect, will pay any attention to it. Prebendary Reynolds appears to have the conviction, not uncommon among popular preachers, that in scientific matters appeals to the emotions and tricks of rhetoric can usefully replace sober thought and exact reasoning. At all events, a fairly careful perusal of his

book has failed to disclose to us a single important point of difference between science and religion where the issue is fairly faced, or where his arguments rise above the level of those which Macaulay describes as just good enough to be used once. The following is an example of his style:

"As far as the eye of science has hitherto ranged through nature, no intrusion of purely creative power into any series of phenomena has ever been observed. [This is quoted from an *Apology for the Belfast Address* without the author's name or other means of verification.] What a fib! Science knows not a millionth part of nature, and of what she does know it is certain that every moment nature is afresh maintained in every part by forces from the eternal Power. The assertion stands self-convicted of inadequacy."

We are afraid that Sir Alexander Elliot has wasted his money.

The Story of Jesus Christ. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Sampson, Low & Co.)

YET another attempt, this time by the author of *The Gates Ajar*, to make the history of Jesus more impressive by telling it in the language of to-day. Miss Phelps—to call her by her best-known name—approaches her task with much reverence and gentle piety, her phrases in some passages rising to the height of a true pathos. Under these circumstances one has no more right to be annoyed with her frequent Americanisms than to complain of the early Italian painters of the Crucifixion for dressing the Roman soldiers in the trunk-hose of the period; yet it must be said that such words as "disgruntled" somewhat jar upon one. And then—*cui bono*? All these modern versions of the Gospel story seem to be consciously or (as is probably the present case) unconsciously inspired by Renan's *Vie de Jésus*; but the pure and perfect grace of Renan's style has descended to none of his successors. For the rest, Renan was a scholar of world-wide reputation, who devoted twenty years to the writing of his book. Miss Phelps, in her preface, modestly disclaims all pretensions to scholarship, and has probably done her work within twelve months.

THE COMPLETE MRS. BROWNING.

The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was a poet of abundance—of abundant thoughts, feelings and aspirations, abundant labours, abundant failures, and a vocabulary superabundant and redundant. She sowed with a lavish hand, retaining nothing, storing nothing; and her harvest is profuse—the wheat and the tares. Into 600 closely printed pages, with double columns on each page, are here gathered all the poems she ever printed, and you wonder afresh to find how many they were and how various were the interests in love, in religion, in politics of this abounding woman. The standard copy-right edition of 1866, in six volumes, con-

tained all she had cared to preserve from the former issues of 1838 and 1844, together with new additions. But the early verses omitted by her own hand are now restored, Mr. F. G. Kenyon, the judicious editor, saying that the republication can do no harm to the fame of one "whose place among English poets has long been assured," while they have a literary and biographical value that amply justifies their reappearance. An exception is made as to the first translation of "Prometheus Bound," published by Miss Barrett in 1833, inasmuch as she prepared a second translation, here printed, in expiation, as she somewhere says, of that "sin of her youth."

In addition to her poems—we know only one poem which has escaped the editor's vigilance, and by no fault of his, for it is in MS. in a private collection—the volume has her prose essays, "The Greek Christian Poets" and "The Book of the Poets," the last-named an exuberant survey of English poetry, containing appreciations, especially of later poets, that might cry to her now for revision and be accounted as more sins of her youth. Her judgment of past poets, however, was more judicious than that of poets still new. Like Dr. Johnson and Hazlitt, she refused to pay the honours of a first class poet to Gray, yet conceded them to Byron.

Besides these essays, the new volume contains, as it ought, the preface she put to former editions, and also Mr. Browning's "Prefatory Note" of 1887, mostly, though still very scantily, biographical. We miss, however, the brief preface he put to the "Selections" he made with "all care and the profoundest veneration" from his wife's works in 1865. Any of the few words uttered of the other by either of these two have a more than common sacredness, conferred by the conditions of that "marriage of true minds." Yet Mr. Browning, it must be confessed, was the lover rather than the critic. His eulogy, as is the phrase, "her glories shall never fade," is magnificent; but is it true?

The Dedication of "The Battle of Marathon," published in 1820, is reprinted among the rest. It is "to him to whom I owe the most—to the father whose unwearied affection I never can repay." But above all does the dedication of the edition of 1844 strike us with an ever fresh pathos—"To My Father" is the headline:

"My desire is," she says, "that you, who are a witness how, if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day—that you who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them every day—that you who hold with me, over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope by one Name, may accept from me the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence which has been sustained and comforted by you as well as given. Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal dependence on you, as if, indeed, I were a child again; to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile, and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition by associating with the great pursuit of my life its tenderest and holiest affection."

That was in 1844. Two years later came the marriage with Mr. Browning, which the Barretts did not approve. Henceforth between the happy wife and the father she adored "the rest is silence." Yet not quite. Now and again, from Italy and elsewhere, that wounded thing—"half angel and half bird," said Browning; "scarcely embodied at all," said Hawthorne—sent forth cry after cry to her old home. But never again did any exchange of greeting pass between father and daughter. Her crime in marrying an ineligible man was never blotted out. What love owes to poets we may all know; but how has the debt been repaid, how have poets been treated as lovers? In our time Tennyson, too, was an "ineligible" who had to wait twenty years for the woman of his choice. And Browning could secure his bride only at the cost of her severance from earlier ties—Miss Barrett could only win a husband at the sacrifice of a father. At the head of all lists of paternal tyranny must stand to all time this instance of it, the full folly and misery of which have been realised only now that Mrs. Browning's letters have been published. Browning's capacities were equal to the occasion—he could be lover, husband, and father in one; and his wife's last words when she died in his arms, a worn-out body tenanted by a soul too stirring for it, compose the fitting epitaph for her life and his together—"It is beautiful."

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE."

A History of Dancing, from the Earliest Ages to Our Own Times. From the French of Gaston Vuillier. With a Sketch of Dancing in England by Joseph Grego. (William Heinemann.)

"You and I may be past our dancing days, good Cousin Capulet," but that is no reason why we shouldn't enjoy studying the pictures and glancing at the text of Mr. William Heinemann's remarkably handsome edition of M. Gaston Vuillier's astonishingly ill-written *History of Dancing*. The text, indeed, is as ill-written as it very well could be, as thin, superficial, and uniastructive. It breathes a general air of having been hastily and perfunctorily "got up" at a public library, and sometimes it rises to quite supreme heights of ineptitude, as where, for example (p. 176), M. Vuillier observes of the gavotte, "This dance was of very ancient origin; it dated from the sixteenth century." One had never till now thought of the sixteenth century as appertaining to "very ancient" times. Again (p. 39), M. Vuillier informs us, "It was by her dancing that Salome obtained the head of John the Baptist." This, to be sure, would be an interesting item of news—if it were only new. But one has heard it before. However, the text is worth glancing at, for the sake of the lovely words that keep recurring in it. Branle and Sarabande, Pavane and Tarantella, Carole, Farandole, Seguidilla—they are as sweet as the names of old-fashioned flowers. And some of the famous dancers whom M. Vuillier is con-

strained to mention had pretty names too, or pretty pseudonyms: Rose Pompon (which sounds like something good to eat), Camargo, Rigoletto, Pomaré (which sounds like a sparkling wine). After these, what shall we say of our contemporary "Grille d'Egout," "Môme Fromage, or "Nini Patte-en-l'Air"?

But the pictures—the pictures are the thing. One has seldom opened so sumptuously be-pictured a book. There are more than 400 of them; and if they are not all of transcendent excellence as works of art, they are all, at any rate, diverting. They show us Jack piping and Jill dancing in many lands and in many ages: in ancient Egypt and in modern Paris, in Greece and Rome, in Spain, India, England, and Algiers, even in Patagonia and Berlin—for savage dances are dances still. They show us peace dances and war dances, sacred dances and profane, the "Dance of Death" and the "Danse du Ventre." They show us odaliskes dancing in the pasha's seraglio, and houris dancing in Mahomet's paradise. They show us balls under Louis XIV., balls under the Directory, under the Empire, and those amazing "Victim Balls" that followed the Terror. They show us vases in the Chaussée d'Antin of 1830, and cotillions in the Champs-Élysées of last year. They show us Ranelagh and Mabilles and Vauxhall; and incidentally they set us wondering why we have nothing like Vauxhall in the London of our degenerate days. The entertainment begins on the very cover, where a group of plump, cherubic four-year-olds are represented dancing in a ring. If it were still permitted to quote Hans Breitmann, we should intimate in passing that the four-year-olds have "nodings on." Then the frontispiece is a photogravure of Carpeaux's spirited dance of nymphs, from the façade of the Paris Opera House. So that we are put in a proper humour at the outset. One suffers a pang, it is true, a few pages later, on discovering that there is no index to the pictures. There is a list of the "twenty full-page plates," but none of the "409 illustrations." However, one mustn't expect everything here below; and the philosopher will be content to take his 409 as he finds them—though he may continue to speculate why "409" is printed in figures, while "twenty" receives the honour of being spelled out.

The full-page plates include Mr. Whistler's portrait of Miss Connie Gilchrist, Mr. Sargent's "Carmencita," and Watteau's "The Pleasures of the Ball." They include, also, a very jolly print of Lancret's "Mademoiselle Camargo," more Watteau-like than Watteau himself. But that was Lancret's glory—the uninitiate could detect his canvases from his master's only by the circumstance that they were "a trifle too like." There are other Watteaus and other Lancrets among the unindexed pictures; there is a Fra Angelico; there is a delightful Domenichino, a dance of cupids (after a drawing in the possession of Mr. William Heinemann—lucky Mr. William Heinemann!); there are two or three Teniers; one or two Gavarnis; and (a superlative distinction) there is a Degas. Fancy having a Degas and not boasting of it in an index. It is one of the master's ballet-girls, of course; a thing brimful of

light and movement; a thing of inexpressible charm, even in this process reproduction, without the master's colour. She is poising on one leg, in a white diaphanous skirt that is like a puff of fragrant air made visible; there's a ribbon of black velvet round her throat, there are flowers in her corsage; and then—her face, her eyes, her arms! We kiss our hand to her; and since there is no index, we will mention, for the hesitating purchaser's encouragement, that she adorns page 368. The more interesting of the two Gavarnis will be found on page 289—a Parisian ball under the Restoration. Oh! the pretty frocks of the ladies, their sloping shoulders, their ringlets, and their ankles, and the graceful costumes of the men, with their *pantalons collés à la peau*! One thinks of Rastignac and Delphine, of Lucien, of the Marquise d'Espard. It is a page of Balzac translated into black and white. Two of the pleasantest pictures in the book, by the by, are not attributed. One is a pen-drawing of Mdlle. Guimard, the other a pen-drawing of Marie Antoinette in the "Ballet de la Reine"; and they both occur on page 174. They are so delicate, so sprightly, so exquisitely *naïf* and winning, it would really have been worth while to recall the draughtsman's name.

By reason of its pictures, in short, this is a very precious volume. It is a thousand pities the letterpress should be so dreary. Why doesn't Mr. Heinemann bring out a new edition, with a new letterpress written by someone who understands? Think of the subject! Dancing—the most beautiful of all human pastimes. What an opportunity for good literature! M. Vuillier's letterpress, stiff in its joints, creaking as it moves, smelling of the musty purlieus of the Bibliothèque Nationale, is as reluctant as an ill-coached schoolboy before an examiner.

And, of course, in the new edition the 409 illustrations will be indexed.

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.

Varia. By Agnes Repplier. (Gay & Bird.)

MISS REPPLIER has in this volume reprinted nine essays contributed to the magazines. The subjects are nearly all literary in character. Four are concerned with various aspects of fiction, one with diaries, one with drinking songs, one with Froissart, and one with "the eternal feminine." All reflect the views of a clever, cultivated woman, who is frankly enamoured of life's pleasures, has a clear flexible style, and has taken Mr. Andrew Lang for a model. She reproduces all of her master except that background of melancholy which gives even to Mr. Lang's drolleries a peculiar and touching charm. Naturally, then, Miss Repplier is a romantic, filled with a huge admiration of Scott and Dumas, a dislike of those who would vex a reader's soul with problem plays, or realistic studies, and a frank taste for out of the way literature, even of "ribald (drinking) songs with which refined

femininity is not presumed to sympathise." She has gathered quite a garland of those flowers in her discourse on "Cakes and Ale"—perhaps the best in the volume. The place of honour is given to Burns:

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee."

She does not quote the famous song in "Gammer Gurton's Will"—

"Let back and belly go bare, go bare"

—but the seventeenth century is ransacked for examples. Coming nearer to our own, she draws a capital picture of that Pagan full o' pride, Thomas Love Peacock, and quotes his inimitable "In life three ghostly friars were we," and "Seamen three: what men be ye?"—drinking songs as admirable as the seventeenth century produced. Quite in Mr. Lang's best manner is the funny way in which she rounds off this praise of drunken hilarity with Longfellow's glorification of cold water glistening "in the head of old Silenus." She might have contrasted his simple innocent directness with the pawky fun Robert Fergusson applied to the same theme:

"Ere faither Adie first put spade in
The bonnie yaird o' ancient Eden,
His awmie had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou'
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'
For gettin' fou!

And she ends all with an ironical lament:

"Once Charles I. sent Ben Jonson, as poet laureate, one hundred pounds a year and a tierce of Spanish Canary. No such generous drink comes now from Queen Victoria to lend sparkle and vivacity to Mr. Austin's verses. Once Dr. Johnson, 'the real primate and soul's teacher of England,' says Carlyle, declared roundly and without shocking anybody, 'Brandy, sir, is the drink for heroes.' It is not thus that primates and teachers of any land now hearten their wavering disciples. Once the generous publishers of *Marmion* sent Scott a hogshead of fine claret to mark their appreciation of his verse. It is not in this graceful fashion that authors now receive their tokens of goodwill."

From this outline of one of Miss Repplier's essays it will be easy to gather what the rest are like. Always urbane and smiling, she avoids such themes as cannot be dismissed with a light and well-bred laugh. And even when a difference of opinion arises she mocks opposition with the remark that the book that keeps her fast in an armchair is the book for her, whatever critics may say. And, indeed, if the intelligences of all were as keen and cultivated as those of Miss Repplier, the critic well might say, "My vocation's gone." For if a laugh that is too genial to be called a sneer means anything, it is that Miss Repplier has very decided likings and dislikings, and that she is ever ready to push aside Mr. Hall Caine and Ian Maclaren, and another of her bugbears, Mr. Hamlin Garland, for the gallant page of Froissart. But even those who differ from her point of view will find a great deal that is agreeable in these cultured and well-written essays.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Clerical Life: a Series of Letters to Ministers. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS is a theological variant upon Hamerton's *Intellectual Life*—a sort of gnomie handbook to the pulpit. We confess to having read these letters with genuine interest and amusement, though we are far enough from hoping to make any practical use of them. The conception of the clergyman, to be sure, is a limited one; in the eyes of the writers he is what they succinctly describe as a "Christian specialist." This being so, it is reasonable that he should have good advice given him whereby to direct his specialisation and guide his difficult steps. The tone of the book is kindly and sensible, and, in general, there is a total absence of the inspired fatuity usually found in a work of this nature. The writers write like honest men who have been at the trade before, and one or two are abundantly humorous. Faults of taste are rare, and wit is grateful in such a connexion. The letter "To a Minister Who is given to Anecdoteage in the Pulpit" is quite a polished little piece of irony; so, too, is that "To a Ministerial Sir Willoughby Patterne," and, funniest of all, the letter "To a Minister who has Studied in Germany." In the more serious epistles there is a tendency to fall into a sermonising vein and vulgarise the fine words of Scripture by a half-sentimental application. But this is a common weakness nowadays, and the book as a whole is fresh and attractive.

Letters from Julia; or, Lights from the Borderland. (Grant Richards.)

ONCE upon a time there were two friends in America, named Julia and Ellen, both of whom were known to Mr. Stead. They were devout Christians, and they made a compact that whichever of them died first would, if it were permitted, return to the other and manifest herself to her, and thus prove existence beyond the grave. Then Julia died and appeared to Ellen. The apparition did not speak, but softly and silently vanished away. Shortly afterwards Ellen came to England and told Mr. Stead about it, and Mr. Stead suggested that as he had recently acquired the gift of automatic writing he should constitute himself the medium between Ellen and Julia. Now, an automatic writer is one who holds a pen in his hand, but refuses consciously to control it. The hand writes of itself. The matter proceeds either from the sub-conscious self or from invisible intelligences, such as Julia. Time after time Mr. Stead wrote to Julia's dictation, and a selection of the correspondence forms this little volume. Julia writes very much as living persons do, and her pictures of spiritual life will interest those who are interested in pictures of spiritual life from the automatic hand of Mr. Stead. Here is a passage:

"The Angel Guardian who came to me had wings, as I said. It is not usual, but if we please we can assume them. They are no more necessary than any of the contrivances by which you attempt to attain the mastery of the spirit over the burden of matter. We think, and we

are there. Why, then, wings? They are scenic illusions useful to convey the idea of superiority to earth-bound conditions, but we do not use them any more than we use steam-engines. But I was glad my Guide had wings. It seemed more like what I thought it would be and ought to be, and I was at once more at ease than I would otherwise have been."

To say anything more about the book is unnecessary.

Picturesque Dublin Old and New. By Frances Gerard. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE weight of this book, whether it lie in paper or binding, is so extraordinary, that it takes an athletic man to read it. The writer had an excellent subject to her hand, and it is a pity that she was not capable of turning it to better use. It is a farrago of antiquated gossip and uninteresting detail—exactly in the style of a foolish local guide-book. The arrangement of the subject is thoroughly chaotic, and the present writer in despair gave up the attempt to follow the involution of the author's mind. The manner of writing is slipshod, and the grammar frequently to seek. For example, on p. 226 she uses "potential" when she obviously means "potent." The work evinces a perfect genius for the making of foolish and inappropriate remarks in every conceivable context. This is especially evident in the literary criticism. For example, take this acute note on Charles Lever:

"One of the best of Irish novelists, the edge of his wit being so keen, and his knowledge of human nature (especially of his own countrymen) so true, that his books will live when those of, in a sense, better writers are forgotten."

As an example of exquisite humour in the choice of a nickname, we are told that an old gentleman who suffered from tender feet was called "Bunions." "These," says the author (she quotes some other instances), "will give an idea of the talent for sarcasm which is inherent in Irish men and women." The one good story we can find has been told before in a different connexion:

"A certain lady sat next to Archbishop Trench at a dinner party, and to her surprise found him constantly pinching her leg. She was about to remonstrate, when he suddenly said: 'I fear I am developing paralysis; my leg has no feeling, though I have pinched it many times.'"

We are sorry to speak hardly of what is, after all, a very amiable performance. Doubtless the book will please in its own class. A word of praise should be given to the illustrations, which are often good.

Heine's Lieder und Gedichte. Selected by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. "Golden Treasury" Series. (Macmillan & Co.)

A SELECTION from Heine's songs is a seasonable publication after the revived interest in the poet on the Continent and in this country at the end of the past year. Heine, who is well-nigh the worst subject for translation conceivable, repays judicious selection, for he fell often below his best. "Poems which have the swiftness and certainty of exquisite physical sensations": so Mr. Henley with truth, for in his best lyrics the age-sickness

is less felt, and we have the very song of the mystery and joy of life. For his lyrical work at its best is modelled on the old Minne-songs; and whether one speak of the Volkslied or the Volksballade, it has all the note of the great poetry of the people. Sometimes he went straight to the old story, sometimes to a modern adaptation, as in the immortal *Lorelei*; and, says Dr. Buchheim, "we need not wonder that his poems have become themselves Volkslieder." The editor has done his work carefully, and contributes an awkward, hesitating, but sympathetic little introduction.

Modern France, 1789-1895 ("The Story of the Nations"). By André Lebon. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

IT is but natural that France should not have been particularly happy during the past century, for she has been making history at a furious rate. The hundred and six years dealt with in M. Lebon's book are well worthy of a place in "The Story of the Nations" series, for they comprise the history of Modern France, which is in every respect an utterly different country from the France of Louis XIV. and XV. M. Lebon begins with the meeting of the States-General on May 5, 1789, having rapidly sketched the position of France under the Ancien Régime, and then plunges at once into the welter of revolutions, wars, dynasties, and ministries with which we are all more or less familiar, coming out successfully at the beginning of M. Félix Faure's presidency in 1895. The book is a very excellent summary of a period of volcanic upheaval, and is extremely useful as a groundwork of further study, or as a means of refreshing the memory. But in many places it is choked by detail, and too frequently the broad issues are obscured for awhile by a summary of events which might have been put with less minuteness. Nor is the English irreproachable—occasionally it reads unnecessarily like a translation—and the dates given during the first revolution are at times confusing. Still, M. Lebon has, of course, a thorough grip of his subject, and he makes it clear that of the three—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—only civil equality has really been the outcome of these vast disturbances. There have been too many revolutions for liberty ever to flourish, and the nearest approach to it is that which now obtains under the Third Republic. After the wild orgies of the Revolution quieted down, the power of the State was placed in the hands of a dictator, and on his fall the middle-classes, by means of a narrow and restricted franchise, were the depositaries of power. They got up the revolution of 1830 to break the power of the Crown, and had their brief spell of glory from 1830 to 1848. Then the democracy rebelled against the middle-classes, and once more resorted to the expedient of a dictator. Since 1870, the democracy has done its best with parliamentary institutions, which are by no means a success, but which have weathered the quarter of a century owing chiefly to the fact that they are the form of Government which divides Frenchmen the most. The moral of the whole period is that freedom is

best where it gradually broadens down from precedent to precedent, and that a great people cannot hope to achieve freedom and occupy a becoming place in the world by flying from one excess to another.

Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art. By S. H. Butcher. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a second and carefully revised edition of Prof. Butcher's treatise. The importance of Aristotle's *Poetics*, to students of poetry in general and to critics in particular, can hardly be over-estimated, nor is there any better edition than this, with its elaborately established text, its excellent translation printed page for page with the Greek, and the eleven essays which make up in bulk three-fourths of the volume, and are themselves a most valuable contribution to critical literature. In the present edition the translation has been reconsidered and the textual notes enlarged. The essays are only touched in minor points, and the book, which first appeared in 1895, remains substantially the same.

Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearian Drama. ("Athenæum Series.") By John Matthews Manly. Vol. II. (Ginn & Co.)

A FEW weeks ago we reviewed the first volume of Prof. Manly's helpful and scholarly work. The second volume is now before us, and consists of texts taken from the drama of the early Elizabethan period. The first four of these are the four plays generally regarded as the beginnings of the "regular" drama—Udall's *Roister-Doister*, Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Preston's *Cambists*, Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc*; and to have these together in a handy form is a very convenient thing. The remainder of the volume consists of individual plays by Lyly, Greene, Peele, and Kyd. These are perhaps less valuable, as Lyly and Peele are already well edited, and complete editions of Greene and Kyd are promised by the Clarendon Press. As specimens they may be useful, although Prof. Manly's canons of editing are somewhat rigorous for the type of student to whom specimens are likely to be of service. But we wish that all critical editors would adopt Prof. Manly's plan of editing the stage directions as well as the text, and bracketing all additions to the original of these. To Prof. Manly's third volume, with its promised historical sketch of the English drama from the tenth to the sixteenth century, we shall look forward with zest.

Bad Lady Betty: a Drama in Three Acts. By W. D. Scull. (Elkin Matthews.)

MR. SCULL'S comedy, or, if you prefer it, comic melodrama, is founded on the career of Elizabeth Luttrell, the heroine of Mr. W. K. R. Bedford's *The Luttrells of Four Oaks*. She was the sister of the Duchess of Cumberland, "coarse, vulgar, and a gamester"; she kept a faro-table, and ended her days cleaning the streets of Augsburg, and chained to a barrow. Mr. Scull adds to her crimes by making her come between two lovers and their happiness. He writes fair dramatic prose, but surely people do not read melodramas.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

GOD'S FOUNDLING.

By A. J. DAWSON.

This story, by the author of *Middle Greyhness*, tells how Mr. Morley Fenton—married and come to fullest wisdom (he is the only man at Sunbury to whom the station-master invariably opens the carriage door on his arrival)—solved problems connected with his unacknowledged son, Harold Foster. Harold is a young medical "whose red lips, sensitive as an Æolian harp's strings, reflected every fleeting thought which crossed his mind, and seemed to tinge with hesitancy's greyness the vivid pertinence of much that he said." Much that he says sounds like that. The end is happier and more conventional than the reader might expect from this note. (Heinemann. 310 pp. 6s.)

ENTOMBED IN FLESH.

By M. H. DZIEWICKI.

A supernatural romance of the battle between Lucifer and Phantasto, a starry and beneficent Presence. Lucifer desires the ruin of a maiden. Phantasto would preserve her pure. The two immortals make a compact: Phantasto is to enter the body of a human being and do what good he can on earth, for mankind in general and the maiden in particular, while Lucifer opposes him. Thus far the Prologue. The story, which is of modern English life, follows. (Blackwood & Sons. 282 pp. 6s.)

TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

"The belief they express is this," says the author in the dedicatory epistle to this collection of stories and ballads, "that there is no degradation into which man can fall, out of which it is impossible for man to emerge." The stories are nine in number and the poems ten. The last of all is a little comedy in dialogue entitled "A Question of Fetters." (Chatto & Windus. 271 pp. 3s. 6d.)

TRAITS AND CONFIDENCES.

By THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

The author of *Hurriah* and *Grania* always deserves attention, even when she offers mere scraps. This new book is like Mr. Christie Murray's, a bundle of stories, sketches, and poems, a mixture of sad and merry, in the Irish way. Here are two titles chosen at random: "Of the Influence of Assassination upon a Landscape," and "On the Pursuit of Marine Zoology as an Incentive to Gossip." (Methuen & Co. 272 pp. 6s.)

PHILIP GREYSTOKE.

By EVAN MAY.

This capacious fiction begins thus: "Midnight! Midnight, amid densest, awful mountain silence. Such silence as habitual dwellers in valleys among their fellows neither know nor can conceive. Midnight! where the passage of time, as it flies, is only noted by heart-throbs. . . ." and so on. In the midst of this midnight a young man stands on the top of an alp and holds a conversation with himself. It is (of course) Philip Greystoke. How could it be anyone else? Afterwards come love, tons of it, and all the warp and woof of a Digby & Long novel. (Digby & Long. 341 pp. 6s.)

LIZA.

By MARCUS REAY.

Liza was a bad woman. Obviously; for she backed herself to smoke more cigarettes than any man in town; she drank like a fish; and she drew patrons to the stalls of the Frivolity by the altitude of her kicks. Dick Mortimer was the son of a retired butcher. With him *affaires de cœur* were short-lived, and *une grande passion* was yet to come. So he made love to Liza in her *maisonette*, and consequences followed. A very silly story. (Digby & Long. 216 pp. 3s. 6d.)

TWEEN THE NEW AND THE OLD.

By GEORGE WEMYSS.

This is a tale of three lovers, two of whom are born in the same village on the same day. One mother exclaims: "Who knows but what they mightn't some day be husband and wife"; and the other answers, "Stranger things nor that hev happened." Stranger things did happen. The third lover's name is D'Arcy de Blois; and what might have been a rustic wedding between a shepherd and a kitchen-maid becomes something else. When its improbabilities are condoned, the story is fresh and pleasing enough. (John Macqueen. 327 pp. 6s.)

A MAN WITH A MAID.

By MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Brighton between Saturday and Monday is drawn in these pages to the life, and it is all pretty real and pretty sad. Tom's way with Tabbie turns out sad, mad, and bad; and Tabbie's way out of her trouble is mad and sad, too—and if the story were not well told, which it is, one would resent it, which one doesn't. (Heinemann. 183 pp. 2s. 6d.)

DUNTY THE DROLL.

By JOHN TWEEDDALE.

This book of Scotch episodes is written in a dialect which even the author recognises he must translate as he goes along. But we are not taking lessons in broad Scotch just now; and such a sentence as this merely annoys: "The clatter's gaun that Lucky Muckle's (Meikle's) waul's (well's) turned itill no mask (infuse) tea, 'at wull't. Think ye the deil and Michael Scott can hae ony han' in't?" We don't know about Michael; but, decidedly, we think the deil has a hand in dialect stories. (Alexander Gardner. 101 pp.)

REVIEWS.

The War of the Worlds. By H. G. WELLS.
(Heinemann.)

I.—THE STORY.

MR. WELLS has done good work before, but nothing quite so fine as this. He has two distinct gifts—of scientific imagination and of mundane observation—and he has succeeded in bringing them together and harmoniously into play. Upon the scientific imagination depends the structure, the plot, of the whole thing. The worlds are Mars and the Earth. The Martians, whose planet, older and further from the sun than ours, was becoming uncomfortably cool, planned a descent upon a new abiding-place. Their extraordinary mechanical development enabled them to accomplish this. Projected with stupendous velocity in cylinders they alighted upon Woking Common. Here is Mr. Wells's description of one of them:

"A big greyish, rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. It was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted and dropped saliva. The body heaved and pulsed convulsively. A lank, tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air. . . . There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably terrible. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread. Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder and fallen into the pit, with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture."

The narrator is a student of moral philosophy living at Maybury Hill, and he becomes an eye-witness of many of the strange events that follow: of the construction by the Martians of their fighting-machines, of their advance upon London, of the rout of the military

and flight of the populace, and of the ultimate and remarkable collapse by which the world is freed from the invaders. The course of evolution on Mars has been very different to ours: the Martians have all gone to brain. Here they move heavily because the gravitational force of the earth is greater than they are accustomed to. But their mechanical appliances are irresistible. They mount themselves upon vast walking tripods.

"Seen nearer the thing was incredibly strange, for it was no mere insensate machine driving on its way. Machine it was, with a ringing metallic pace, and long flexible glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about it. Behind the main body was a huge thing of white metal like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me. And in an instant it was gone."

With the accuracy of Mr. Wells's speculative science we deal elsewhere. It is extraordinarily detailed, and the probable departures from possibility are, at least, so contrived as not to offend the reader who has but a small smattering of exact knowledge. The consistency and definiteness of the descriptions create an adroit illusion. And, in any case, given the scientific hypotheses, the story as a whole is remarkably plausible. You feel it, not as romance, but as realism. Mr. Wells's art lies, we fancy, in the fact that, while his monsters are sufficiently like mankind to be terrible, his human beings are throughout so completely human. The inhabitants of Chertsey and Woking behave, in presence of the Martians, precisely as a Surrey suburban population would. Mr. Wells never relaxes his hold on the commonplace, everyday life, against which his marvels stand out so luridly. A thousand deft and detailed touches create an atmosphere of actuality, bring the marvels into the realistic plane. The moral philosopher himself is thoroughly natural from beginning to end. So is the drunken artilleryman, who devises a brilliant scheme for living the life of a rat in a London subject to the invaders. He is not sure that it will not be better than civilisation. On the other hand, the imbecile and greedy curate with whom the narrator foregathers, and whom he is reluctantly compelled to slay, seems to us to introduce a needlessly farcical element. Mr. Wells must have suffered from curates lately, we should think.

As a crowning merit of the book, beyond its imaginative vigour and its fidelity to life, it suggests rather than obtrudes moral ideas. The artilleryman with his scorn of the "damn little clerks" who would willingly be fattened for Martian dietary, and might even be trained to hunt their wilder fellows, has some truth on his side. In the light of the imagined cataclysm certain follies and meannesses of our civilisation stand out. Our smallness, after all, in the universe receives its illustration. It is a thoughtful as well as an unusually vivid and effective bit of workmanship.

II.—MR. WELLS'S SCIENCE.

Mr. H. G. Wells has probably a greater proportion of admirers among people actively engaged in scientific work than among any other section of the reading public. It is not difficult to understand the reason of this. Nothing irritates a man of science more than incorrect assertions with reference to natural facts and phenomena; and the writer who essays to use such material must obtain information from Nature herself, or he will provoke the derision of better informed readers. Mr. Wells has a practical familiarity with the facts of science, and this knowledge, combined with his imaginative mind, enables him to command the attention of readers who are not usually interested in romance.

The fact that Mr. Wells has been able to present the planet Mars in a new light is in itself a testimony to originality. The planet has been brought within the world of fiction by several writers, but in the *War of the Worlds* an aspect of it is dealt with altogether different from what has gone before. We have had a number of stories of journeys to Mars, but hitherto, so far as we remember, the idea of an invasion by inhabitants of Mars has not been exploited. Astronomers can make out just enough of the planet's surface to justify the conclusion that water and ice or snow exist there, and that the land areas are at times traversed by a network of canals or channels more or less enigmatical in origin. According to Mr. Percival Lowell, who made an exhaustive study of Mars in 1894, these canals are really belts of fertilised

land, and are the only habitable tracts on Mars, the remainder of the land surface being desert. The view that the Martians—it is less unreasonable to think that Mars is inhabited than that it is not—would look towards our earth with longing eyes is thus quite within the bounds of legitimate speculation; and the fact that Mr. Wells put it forward before Mr. Lowell had brought before the attention of British astronomers the reasons for thinking that Mars at the present time is mostly a dreary waste from which all organic life has been driven, is a high testimony to his perceptive faculties. In other words, the reasons given for the invasion of the Earth by Mars are perfectly valid from a scientific point of view, and are supported by the latest observations of the nature of the planet's surface.

Then, as to the intellectual status of whatever inhabitants there may be on Mars, there is every reason for thinking that it would be higher than that of man. On this matter the following words, written by a distinguished observer of Mars—M. E. M. Antoniadi—in July last, give evidence to the view of the Martians presented by Mr. Wells. Referring to the origin of the canal systems, M. Antoniadi wrote:

"Perhaps the least improbable—not to say the most plausible—clue to the mystery still attaches to the overbold and almost absurd assumption that what we are witnessing on Mars is the work of rational beings immeasurably superior to man, and capable of dealing with thousands and thousands of square miles of grey and yellow material with more ease than we can cultivate or destroy vegetation in a garden one acre in extent."

Naturally, the view that beings immeasurably superior to man exist upon Mars is repugnant, but we see by the words quoted that astronomers are being forced to accept it as the easiest method of explaining the phenomena observed. Mr. Wells's idea of the invasion of the earth by emigrants of a race possessing more effective fighting machinery than we have is thus not at all impossible; and the verisimilitude of the narrative appeals more strongly, perhaps, to scientific readers than to others not so familiar with accepted opinion upon the points deftly introduced.

The most striking characteristic of the work is not, however, the description of the Martians, but the way they are disposed of after they had invaded the Earth. We venture to assert that scientific material has never been more cleverly woven into the web of fiction than it is in the epilogue of this story. The observations of Pasteur, Chaveau, Buchner, Metschnikoff, and many others, have made the germ theory of disease an established truth. In the struggle for existence man has acquired, to a certain extent, immunity against the attacks of harmful micro-organisms, and there is little doubt that any visitors from another planet would not be able to resist these insidious germs of disease. The Earth itself furnishes analogous instances: Englishmen who migrate to the West Coast of Africa, or the strip of forest land in India known as the Terai, succumb to malarial disease, and the Pacific Islander who comes to reside in London or another large British city, almost certainly perishes from tuberculosis. Mr. Wells expresses the doctrine of acquired immunity so neatly that not to quote his words would be to do him an injustice. He says:

"These germs of disease have taken toll of humanity since the beginning of things—taken toll of our pre-human ancestors since life began here. But by virtue of this natural selection of our kind we have developed resisting power; to no germs do we succumb without a struggle, and to many—those that cause putrefaction in dead matter, for instance—our living frames are altogether immune. But there are no bacteria in Mars, and directly these invaders arrived, directly they drank and fed, our microscopic allies began to work their overthrow. Already when I watched them they were irrevocably doomed, dying and rotting even as they went to and fro. It was inevitable. By the toll of a billion deaths, man has bought his birthright of the earth, and it is his against all comers; it would still be his were the Martians ten times as mighty as they are. For neither do men live nor die in vain."

The book contains many other paragraphs which happily express scientific views, but we must refrain from quoting them. Not for an instant, however, do we think that Mr. Wells owes his success to mere correctness of statement. Science possesses a plethora of facts and ideas, yet not once in a generation does a writer arise competent to make use of them for purposes of romance. Already Mr. Wells has his imitators, but their laboured productions, distinguished either by prolixity or inaccuracy, neither excite the admiration of scientific readers nor attract the attention of the world in general.

Middle Greyness. By A. J. Dawson.
(John Lane.)

In a dream it sometimes happens that the vagrant imagination strikes out a phrase of surprising dignity. Slowly and tentatively, the sleeper, if he be a person interested in words for their own sake, gropes his way back to consciousness, grasping with both hands his fluttering inspiration. For all that he can do the captive is rarely brought home; and if once in a while, being a person of discrimination, he have his will of it, the glow has quickly faded out. Mr. Dawson can dream with the best of us, but he does not discriminate so well. One night he had a dream (let us conjecture our way to the springs of *Middle Greyness*): he was rapt by a torrent of oratory. Of the stream of eloquence which inebriated his soul but one precious drop won through to daylight. "England and we who be English"—these were the words. They rang in his head; they became an obsession; and about them grew up the conception of Robert Darley.

About this time a distinguished career had been blasted by a scandal. That shall be embodied in our novel; and because we are all Ibsenites now, the impulse to evil shall be (as Dr. Middleton might phrase it) hereditarily inherited. Which gives rise, on the one hand, to Rollo Croft with his Odalisque and an indeterminate lure named Bété, of which we are told nothing except that it has a "piquant profile"; and, on the other, to a father who in early life had broken down under the same moral infirmity as shall ruin the son. Him Mr. Dawson exiles to a New South Wales gunyah, with a dog for his helpmeet. "Satan" and "fool dog" are the terms by which in inflicting his confidences upon this quadruped (for soliloquies are disallowed) the beachcomber habitually apostrophises it. The person named Rollo revels in redundancy. This is the way (he has a languid voice, beautifully modulated, and wonderfully musical):

"I thought you were supposed to be studying Hampshire rustics, or Parliamentary debates, or something . . . This afternoon I've been working with a man who has a studio at Twickenham, and I came on here because I like the crowd and the river, served [!] with a band and a sunset. You may have noticed that the combination is distinctly picturesque, though either taken separately are [sic] insipid, with the exception, perhaps, of the sunset, and even that wants something to focus it, don't you think?"

And in an epicurean tasting of life's flavours, thus:

"But tell me, what effect on you does the slow movement of that waltz have, taken with the sunset light on the water? How does it affect your immediate inclinations in the matter of what one ought to do and where one ought to do it? I ask, because it would be sinfully Gothic under the circumstances to do anything which would not harmonise with this atmosphere."

If this kind of thing amuses, Mr. Dawson's book will amuse.

In a collection of short stories published some months ago under the title *Mere Sentiment*, Mr. Dawson promised better things; better things he may give us in the future; but this present volume is beyond the limits of patience pretentious and vulgar.

* * * * *

Wayside Courtships. By Hamlin Garland.
(Neville Beeman.)

These are stories of the beginnings of love, love at first sight; stories in which the chance encounter of two pair of eyes becomes fraught with fate, happy or unhappy, for two lives. For the most part Mr. Garland takes his theme seriously—sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, he burlesques it. Burlesque, at least, is to us the effect of the impulsiveness in "Upon Impulse." The hero who "looked into the upturned faces of the girls as if they were pansies" is suddenly smitten by one. Thus her friend comments:

"As they streamed away in files she said, 'Isn't he good-looking? We've known him for years. He's all right,' she said significantly, and squeezed Miss Powell's arm.

'Well, Lou Blakesley, you're the same old irrepressible!'

'Blushing already, you dear! I tell you he's splendid. I wish he'd take to you,' and she gave Miss Powell another squeeze. 'It would be such a match! Brains and beauty too!'

Surely this sort of thing rather rubs the bloom off young romance. Mr. Garland will appeal to those who like American

along, American local colour, and American provincial character, for he is redolent of up-country life. We confess to a feeling of irritation at the ugliness of the setting, and the hideous iteration of clipped words and elided vowels. Here is a specimen of Mr. Garland's vernacular:

"Y'see, my division ends at Warsaw, and I run back and forth here every other day, but I don't get much chance to see them, and I ain't worth a cuss f'r letter-writin'. Y'see, she's only aunt by marriage, but I like her; an' I guess she's got about all she can stand up under, an' so I like t'help her a little when I can. The old man died ownin' nothing but the house, an' that left the old lady t'rattle f'r her livin'. Dummied if she ain't sandy as old Saul. They're gitt'n' along purty."

We find some relief in the "Alien among the Pines," where the dialogue passes between English-speaking people, with only a faint salt of Americanisms. This is a picturesque story of pine-wood clearing, with, for central figure, a musician who has seen better days, but chooses to efface himself as a woodcutter while he conquers his passion for drink. Mr. Garland's landscape is vividly touched:

"The trail (it was not a road) ran like a graceful furrow over the hills, around little lakes covered deep with snow, through tamarisk swamps, where the tracks of wild things thickened, over ridges of tall pine clear of brush, and curving everywhere amid stumps, where dismantled old shanties marked the site of the older logging camps. Sometimes they met teams going to the store. Sometimes they crossed logging-roads—wide, smooth tracks artificially iced, down which mountainous loads of logs were slipping, creaking, and groaning. Sometimes they heard the dry click-clock of the woodsmen's axes, or the crash of falling trees deep in the wood."

Mr. Garland has imagination and artistic intention, but his methods are crude, and he seems to find it difficult to wind up his stories without leaving ragged ends.

SOME APHORISMS.

I.—MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

In that pleasant American budget of quoted matter, *Current Literature*, we find a page of aphorisms snatched with varying judgment from the pages of Mr. Meredith's novels.

The hero of two women must die and be wept over in common before they can appreciate one another.

What a woman thinks of women is the test of her nature.

Convictions are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices.

One may be as a weed of the sea while one's fate is being decided. To love is to be on the sea, out of sight of land.

Intellectual differences do not cause wounds, except when very unintellectual sentiments are behind them.

It has been established that we do not wax diviner by dragging down the gods to our level.

Women don't care uncommonly for the men who love them, though they like precious well to be loved.

After forty, men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important.

That small motives are at the bottom of many illustrious actions is a modern discovery.

Observation is the most enduring of the pleasures of life.

We women miss life only when we have never met the man to reverence.

The young who avoid the region of Romance escape the title of Fool at the cost of a celestial crown.

True poets and true women have the native sense of the divineness of what the world deems gross material substance.

The slave of a passion thinks in a ring, as hares run; he will cease where he began.

Success is costly. We find we have pledged the better part of ourselves to clutch it; not to be redeemed with the whole handful of our prize.

Masculine ideas are one thing; but let feminine ever be feminine, or our civilisation perishes.

Whether a woman loves a man or not, he is her lover if he dares tell her he loves her, and is heard with attention.

II.—BY R. L. STEVENSON.

It is curious that a little publication, entitled *The Stevenson Birthday Book* (Marcus Ward & Co.), has not received more notice. True, birthday books fall into the category of books which are not books. But Stevenson's name is magical, and the booklet in question is at least interesting as a collection of his aphorisms. Below we give a selection of those used by the editor of this publication:

If a man love the labour of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him.

Habit and practice sharpen gifts; the necessity of toil grows less disgusting, grows even welcome, in the course of years; a small taste (if it be only genuine) waxes with indulgence into an exclusive passion.

Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit.

The time comes when a man should cease prelusory gymnastic, stand up, put a violence upon his will, and for better or worse, begin the business of creation.

Idealism in honesty can only be supported by perpetual effort.

To be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society. It is a high calling, to which a man must first be born and then devote himself for life.

If you are to continue to be a law to yourself, you must beware of the first signs of laziness.

We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series.

Style is the invariable mark of any master; and for the student who does not aspire so high as to be numbered with the giants, it is still the one quality in which he may improve himself at will.

He is a wise youth who can balance one part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and for the sake of the one manfully accept the other.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have.

Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But when the best consistently miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive.

There is not a life in all the records of the past but, properly studied, might lend a hint and a help to some contemporary.

The mere privilege of beholding a comely woman is worth paying for.

The essence of love is kindness; and indeed it may be best defined as passionate kindness; kindness, so to speak, run mad, and become importunate and violent.

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.

Love rests upon a physical basis; it is a familiarity of nature's making, and apart from voluntary choice.

The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words.

It is by careful method, and minute, unwearied attention, that men rise even to material exactness, or to sure knowledge even of external and constant things.

A generous prayer is never presented in vain; the petition may be refused, but the petitioner is always, I believe, rewarded by some gracious visitation.

An intelligent person looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils.

Most of our pocket wisdom is conceived for the use of mediocre people, to discourage them from ambitious attempts, and generally console them in their mediocrity.

Dissatisfaction with our life's endeavour springs in some degree from dulness. We require higher tasks, because we do not recognise the height of those we have.

There is nothing so monstrous but we can believe it of ourselves.

Falling in love is the one illogical adventure, the one thing of which we are tempted to think as supernatural, in our trite and reasonable world.

O to be up and doing, O,
Unfearing and unashamed to go,
In all the uproar and the press,
About my human business!
My undissuaded heart I hear
Whisper courage in my ear;
With voiceless calls, the ancient earth
Summons me to a daily birth.

Though I have all my life been eager for legitimate distinctions, I can lay my hand upon my heart, at the end of my career, and declare there is not one—no, nor yet life itself—which is worth acquiring or preserving at the slightest cost of dignity.

BECKY SHARP.—AFTER.

In the February *Longman's Magazine* Mr. S. Arthur Strong brings to light some letters written by Dickens and Thackeray to William George Spencer, the sixth Duke of Devonshire. The gem of the collection is a letter written by Thackeray to the Duke in which he satisfies that nobleman's curiosity as to the career of the *Vanity Fair* puppets after they had disappeared from the view of Thackeray's readers. We quote a portion of this letter:

"Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, whom I saw last week, and whom I informed of your Grace's desire to have her portrait, was good enough to permit me to copy a little drawing made of her 'in happier days,' she said with a sigh, by Smee, the Royal Academician.

Mrs. Crawley now lives in a small but very pretty little house in Belgravia, and is conspicuous for her numerous charities, which always get into the newspapers, and her unaffected piety. Many of the most exalted and spotless of her own sex visit her, and are of opinion that she is a *most injured woman*. There is no sort of truth in the stories regarding Mrs. Crawley and the late Lord Steyne. The licentious character of that nobleman alone gave rise to reports from which, alas! the most spotless life and reputation cannot always defend themselves. The present Sir Rawdon Crawley (who succeeded his late uncle, Sir Pitt, 1832; Sir Pitt died on the passing of the Reform Bill) does not see his mother, and his undutifulness is a cause of the deepest grief to that admirable lady. 'If it were not for *higher things*,' she says, how could she have borne up against the world's calumny, a wicked husband's cruelty and falseness, and the thanklessness (sharper than a serpent's tooth) of an adored child? But she has been preserved, mercifully preserved, to bear all these griefs, and awaits her reward *elsewhere*. The italics are Mrs. Crawley's own.

She took the style and title of Lady Crawley for some time after Sir Pitt's death in 1832; but it turned out that Colonel Crawley, Governor of Coventry Island, had died of fever three months before his brother, whereupon Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed.

The late Jos. Sedley, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, left her two lakhs of rupees, on the interest of which the widow lives in the practices of piety and benevolence before mentioned. She has lost what little good looks she once possessed, and wears false hair and teeth (the latter give her rather a ghastly look when she smiles), and—for a pious woman—is the best-crinolined lady in Knightsbridge district.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Dobbin live in Hampshire, near Sir R. Crawley; Lady Jane was godmother to their little girl, and the ladies are exceedingly attached to each other. The Colonel's *History of the Punaub* is looked for with much anxiety in some circles."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Office: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SOME time ago, it will be remembered, the German Emperor said that no man who was not a Christian could be a good soldier. A week or so afterwards the *Kladderadatsch* published a drawing representing Leonidas, Frederick the Great, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, and others, laughing over the remark. Herr Trojan, the editor, an old man, who has filled his place with honour for thirty-six years, has in consequence been tried for *lèse-majesté*, convicted, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. We have nothing to say, except that we are surprised at Herr Trojan's removal, because Germany is just now much more in need of a humorist than an Emperor.

Apropos of the theories as to the *Snark's* significance, which we print elsewhere, it may be added that some excellent persons still believe that the Bellman (who in Mr. Holiday's illustrations is like a blend of Longfellow and Tennyson) is no other than Mr. Gladstone himself. In support of this belief as many reasons can be brought forward as against it.

MEANWHILE, according to the *Speaker*, the story is told of a certain bishop who complained to Mr. Gladstone that the nature of the *Snark* was not clearly defined. "But the *Snark*, you know, was a Boojum," said Mr. Gladstone. "Yes," replied the bishop, "but what is a Boojum?" Mr. Gladstone is said to have hinted, with his customary delicacy, that a prelate who confessed to doubts about the identity of the Boojum was unworthy of ecclesiastical preferment.

So far the *Speaker* is a valuable commentator on Lewis Carroll. But in continuing its remarks it errs rather sadly. Referring to "Jabberwocky" it says: "To a dis-

cerning Radical, the Jubjub bird is obviously Lord Salisbury, and the grumious Bandersnatch haunts the Colonial Office, while a Unionist will argue with some show of reason that the most grumious thing in creation is Mr. Labouchere." But who said anything about "grumious"? Frumious, Sir Wemyss Reid, frumious!

WHAT was probably the last contribution of Lewis Carroll to mathematical science appears in *Nature* of January 20. It is a long letter on a new method of abridged long division, and is dated from Christ Church, Oxford, on December 21, 1897. As an example of the working of the method, the number 86781592485703152764092 is divided by 9993. To do this sum by ordinary division involves the writing of 202 digits, and 204 additions or subtractions, whereas by Lewis Carroll's method the example can be worked by writing 44 digits, performing 25 additions or subtractions, and 22 multiplications. The letter is distinguished by the severity of exactness which marks all Lewis Carroll's mathematical expositions.

It is always interesting to observe what English books attract attention on the Continent. Miss Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa* is, we notice, the subject of two long and exhaustive articles in *De Nederlandsche of Amsterdam*, the leading literary journal in Holland. The reviewer, Mr. A. G. le Van Duyl, the *doyen* of the Dutch journalists, speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the book, which he declares he has read no fewer than three times.

A WRITER in the *Publishers' Circular* has made an interesting list of the alterations—very slight they are, but, from the point of view of the careful literary artist, important—made by Mr. Henley in the reprint of his *Burns Essay*. We quote a few. In one instance, the "Be this as it may" of the original editions is changed in the reprint to "For all this, though"; in another, "not" is substituted for "none." Again, "knower" gives place to "student"; an "and" is deleted at the beginning of a sentence, "unknown" is interpolated in a quotation from Burns; "which means that" is turned to "despite which." "I think" in one case is altered to "I believe"; and "a discrediting variety of causes" becomes "a variety of discrediting causes."

THE humorous and fanciful dramatic adaptations of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, which are now being played at Terry's Theatre, should be held in mind by those of our readers who wish to give their little people amusement. Captain Basil Hood, the author, has been compelled to arrange each story—"The Tinder Box," "The Emperor's New Clothes," and "Big Claus and Little Claus"—in a single scene, and any departure from the original sequence of events (and such departures meet with severe criticism from child critics) must be pardoned for this reason. Considering his difficulties, he has

preserved an astonishing amount of the Danish writer's spirit. The acting is excellent. Mr. Clarey, as the Emperor in one play and the Mayor in another, is so engaging as to make us wish a theatre might permanently be set aside for such innocent entertainments, with himself always in the cast.

A NOTICE has been posted up in the Nottingham Free Public Libraries to the following effect: "The Librarian suggests that Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels be read in chronological order, as below." Then follows the list of novels in column, while to each title is appended the dates of the period of which the story treats, and the locality in which it is laid. The Librarian's request that this routine should be followed assumes a good deal. Very few people would care to go through the Waverley Novels in any order, and those who did it in chronological order would be students, not novel-readers. Even the student might be better employed. The table is interesting, and useful for reference; but we shall be surprised if Nottingham readers consent to read Scott by rule. There might be some point in a publisher issuing the novels in the order suggested. But what publisher would allow *Count Robert of Paris* to be the first volume of his series? Our advice to persons about to read *Count Robert of Paris* is—Don't.

Is it a fair presumption that a literary man should write brilliant letters to his friends? Perhaps, but there is no law. Some writers—Turgenev, it seems, was one of them—not only fail as letter-writers, but their letters do not even suggest genius. To the Russian novelist we read, in Miss Ethel Arnold's biography:

"Letters were precisely what they have been to many hard-working literary men and women, such as Balzac and George Eliot, for instance—viz., merely a means to an end, that end being the communication of necessary information to his correspondents. They made no demand upon his literary sense, and, consequently, obtained no response from it."

Matthew Arnold's letters were a similar disappointment.

In considering Mr. Benjamin Swift along with other "Younger Reputations" in our issue of December 4, we quoted a scrap of his verse. Mr. Swift has contributed the following little jingle to the *Magazine* of Glasgow University:

"PHASES.

"The clematis climbs
Like a purple adder,
And the sun's on the limes!

The moon has her paces,
The winds have the sea for a harp,
The stars their sure places.

Ah me, and the heart its own rue
Like a hush midnight burglar
Climbing up and through."

A correspondent suggests that Mr. Swift owes his University readers an explanation—of the last three lines at least.

At one time or other most bookhunters are confronted with a nice problem in ethics: they are asked to pay for a book a sum which to their certain knowledge represents only a fraction of its value. Some settle such difficulties for themselves, others ask advice. In the latter class is Mr. J. A. Edmonds, who writes to us: "I am not so unfortunate as to be a seller of books, either new or secondhand, but, as a 'question of metaphysics,' it would be interesting to know Mr. Lang's opinion of the morality of the gentleman (*vide the Westminster Gazette*) who was recently lucky enough to buy a copy of the first edition of Charlotte Brontë's *Villette* (three volumes) for one shilling from a secondhand bookseller in the Eastern Counties."

OUR impression is, that Mr. Lang has already given his verdict in the moral aspect of such "bargains." (By the way, the very word "bargain" implies that the dealer has been paid less than absolute equity would dictate.) The sophism (or sound argument) with which most bookhunters satisfy their conscience is, that they cannot be both buyer and seller too, and a dealer should know his business. There are also those who permit their lucky purchases to stand against their unlucky ones, and cry quits.

MR. DAVIDSON is a poet of whom we have tidings too seldom; but a little reminder of his *Fleet Street Eclogues* comes to us in the form of *A Foursome at Rye*, a poem designed on somewhat similar lines by Mr. John Somerville. The game of golf has never had more zealous eulogy than is offered it in this bright little poem. Here is a sonnet on the Golfer's Joys:

"Seven are the golfer's joys. And first, the drive,
Which flies o'er bunkers straight towards the green:
Second, the creak-shot, taken strong and clean,
Which makes him feel 'tis good to be alive;
Third, is the perfect *loft* which does not dive
Into the ditch, but drops and rolls serene
Straight towards the hole: and fourth, the keen
Joy with a worthy foeman well to strive.
Fifth is the noble *putt*, so fair and true,
Which like an arrow speeds towards the hole.
And makes the sky look bright, tho' it be stormy:
Sixth, is a hole in hand, when all looked blue:
And seventh the crowning joy which calms
The soul—
The almost perfect bliss of being *dormy*!"

How many more books still lie buried in the old *National Observer*? We ask, because almost from the inception of that paper the writers in its pages have been gathering their contributions into volumes; yet still more volumes come, whose germ, at any rate, found place there. Already there are published, for instance, *Diogenes in London*, *The Autobiography of a Boy* and *Monologues of the Dead*, *Old John* and *The Stone Dragon*, *The Celtic Twilight* and *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *The Law's Lumber-Room* and *The Rhythm of Life*, *The Golden Age* and *Women's Tragedies*.

AND now comes *Through a Glass Lightly*, a most attractively printed little book, a mere featherweight of literature, by Mr. T. T. Gregg, who writes thus in his prefatory note of the editor who printed the majority of its contents:—"It would not be easy for me to repay Mr. W. E. Henley the deep debt of gratitude I owe him for the literary encouragement which, in common with many others, I have always received at his hands."

WE like Mr. Gregg's dedication: "To my father, from whose generous collars has floated up much of the inspiration of the following essays." It is a wise author that has such a father. Here is a taste of that inspiration:

"Nectar is but a vague and shilly-shallying poetasterism, which can by no stretch of language be applied to the nobler stuff. For the gods, and primitive man in their image, drank only when they were athirst. They never sipped their liquor. Not theirs (poor devils!) to roll it round the tongue, to toss it playfully against the palate, to let it trickle exquisitely down a gullet of educated sensibility." And here we leave a book clearly not intended for us.

IN the dedicatory letter to a friend which Mr. David Christie Murray prefixes to his new volume of *Tales in Prose and Verse*, he says that his versified *Tales* have been all improvisations. One was dictated to a friend after dinner. We may yet be called upon to consider Mr. Murray as a serious poet, for he writes: "I have long been labouring on an ambitious something which may yet turn out to be a poem, and in the profound quiet and loneliness of the winter retreat into which I have stolen I may yet have the good fortune to finish it."

At a time when competition among the popular magazines is so keen as at present, a bold advertisement is, we suppose, necessary. But the following almost sins against the rules of the game:

"RANJY'S BAT"

may be depended upon to make a game of cricket interesting and exciting. That is the secret of Ranjy's popularity. The 'Magazine' may be depended upon to provide each month the most interesting budget of articles and stories published. That is the secret of its success."

And so on.

AN Irish correspondent writes:

"Early among the celebrations of '98 comes the *Fainne an Lao* ('The Dawning of Day') a new weekly paper published at Dublin in the Irish language. The number which lies before me consists of an eight-page sheet, printed partly in English, and partly in the graceful Irish type, which has come down almost unchanged from the beautiful uncial characters of the Book of Kells and other admired Irish MSS. The Saxon will probably sniff at certain eccentricities of Irish orthography. Not that I am among those who condemn it as a clumsy medium even for spelling Irish. It seems to me well enough adapted to express the

native sounds, but hopeless for foreign names or words. Thus New York appears as Nuadh Fabhrac; William Coinnigh, Ard Dligheadoir, somehow seems less convincing than William Kenny, Solicitor-General; but the most ingenious perversion of all is Cíao Tseamh for Kiao Chow. This is so grotesque that a stranger to the language will scarcely believe me when I state that it fairly reproduces the correct Chinese pronunciation. But laugh as you may, the appearance of a journal for the purpose of intensifying Irish nationality by rehabilitating its almost forgotten language is a serious matter. Had such a weapon been possible in the past we might still have the Pictish language and nationality among us. Some will retort, perhaps, that it is as well we have not, and, undeniably, although we may admit the fervid poetry of the cry of Thomas Davis 'to have lost entirely the national language is death,' in our saner moments, in plain prose, we may doubt if Cornwall would be better off to-day if her ancient language had not died with Dolly Pentreath."

On the authority of C. K. S. in the *Illustrated London News*, we may state that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has completed a new novel, entitled *The Burning of the "Sarah Sands"*, which is described as "a stirring historical tale of maritime adventure." The title itself is stirring enough, as Mr. Kipling's titles are apt to be.

THE authoritative memoir of the late Sir Frank Lockwood is to be written by a fellow Q.C. M.P., Mr. Augustine Birrell. It is to be hoped that the book will be kept short.

MR. MURRAY announces a memoir of *Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck*. This biography, based on Princess Mary's private diaries and letters, will be prepared by the editor of *The Sporting and Dramatic News*.

MR. ALFRED NUTT has expressed a wish to reply to the letter of Sir Walter Besant in our last week's issue, but we regret our inability to depart from the announcement we then made that the correspondence upon "The Author's Figures" must cease. We think that our readers, having heard both sides over a period of some weeks, will have no difficulty in making up their minds on the questions raised.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE left for New York, in the *Teutonic*, with his wife last Wednesday. Mr. Lane has in hand, for production next month, Mr. Le Gallienne's new novel *The Romance of Zion Chapel*.

A POSTHUMOUS volume by the late Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Service & Paton. It will be entitled *The Best Methods of Promoting Spiritual Life*, and will contain a portrait of the author.

THE author of *The Gadfly*—Mrs. E. L. Voynich, whom most reviewers have taken for a male novelist—is now engaged on a novel of Austrian life. Mrs. Voynich is an American lady who has lived much on the Continent.

REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

HENRY FIELDING.

On the first day of January, 1898, I departed this life at my lodging in London. The reader who has perused an Account of a Journey from this World to the Next, discovered by Mr. Fielding a hundred and fifty years ago in Catherine-street, Strand, will need no further description of the stages and incidents of my soul's passage from the Palace of Death to Elysium. The fashions of the dead do not change. I did not, as might be expected, travel in an immaterial Pullman car, and cross Cocytus in the ghost of an excursion steamer, these modern inventions not having as yet been imitated by mechanics of the invisible world. It was the ancient coach drawn by ghosts of dead posting horses, though I will not swear they never drew a tramway car or an omnibus, that carried me off from the house in Warwick-lane. The old ferry-boat bore me across the dark river. Without further particulars, then, I beg you to conceive me as having passed through the usual adventures, and been admitted to Elysium by Minos. There is nothing very new to tell until my arrival at the delicious grove of orange-trees, which is the favourite haunt of such spirits as in life pursued art. You remember, do you not, that here my fore-runner heard Orpheus play and Sappho sing, and meanwhile talked with Homer, who sat listening with Madam Dacier in his lap? Virgil came up to him with Mr. Addison under his arm, and Dick Steele following, and the author talked with Shakespeare and Milton.

I began eagerly to inquire for the great men who had died in my time; but a tall ghost, curiously like a picture of Thackeray, replied, "My dear Sir, it is useless to seek for them. It is the same here as yonder. The new-comers are like little children. They roam the Elysian fields and rest in the meads of asphodel, and have no desire to be spoken to. But after a time—well, after you have been as many years here as I have been—you'll say the novelty begins to fade; *vanitas vanitatum*—is that not so?" and he turned familiarly to the ghost of Charles Dickens.

"No place can be dull," was the answer, "that has Father Henry in it. What a smile he has, to be sure; it is not a plain, common, ordinary smile, formed by parting the lips and showing a set of teeth. It begins with a little twitching of the muscles, and then it runs up the side of his cheek and plays over his features, and mocks and dances and gleams amid the ghostly smoke sucked by ghostly lips out of the ghost of his old tobacco pipe."

"His pipe and his smile," interrupted Thackeray: "that's you all over, Charles. Get the oddities of a man and it's as much as you know of him." Upon which it seemed to me that Dickens was a little out of countenance; but I did not observe him closely, for at this moment Fielding came up, leaning on the arm of Sir Walter Scott. Beholding them

thus I could not but think that their expressions had a similarity never to be noticed in their pictures; but spirits are less distracted by such mere differences in shape and contour as that the countenance of one inclines to length and the other to heaviness. These are but superficial characteristics due to the accidents of birth and race. From the scraps of conversation I heard, it appeared they had been discussing matters not often spoken of in Elysium, and the result was an animation in the bearing of each that made me see at once how they possessed an equal love of life and still were alike capable of regarding it genially from the outside. Scott, now that the baths of Elysium had washed off the imprint of care and tribulation, was the more gleeful and pawky, and his laugh was very frank and loving; yet it appeared to me that Fielding's was the keener wit, and he surveyed even the orange groves and the spirits who haunted them with a glance of unsurpassable irony that was more amiable even than Swift's, because it had no bitterness. And, indeed, I noticed that the famous English novelists (as could be seen by their use of the term Father) bowed to him as their chief. Scott did so and Thackeray and Dickens, and I noticed that when George Eliot came past, were she ever so much engaged discussing the establishment of a sociological school in heaven with George Henry Lewes, she dropped a curtsy when she came near Fielding. But though many poets paid him an equal respect, he returned all their greetings carelessly though not unkindly, and seemed listening to Sir Walter, who was mirthfully upholding the pre-eminence of eighteenth-century Scotland as the hardest drinking country in the world.

"Many a time down below there, Harry," he was saying, "I wished you could have foregathered in Auld Reekie with some of our five and six-bottle men. Put 'a tappit hen' between Squire Western and Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Session, and the President wouldn't be first under the table. As to your clergy they were a feeble folk, if one were to judge from your Supple, not to be compared with such a man as Dr. Alexander Webster, nicknamed 'Magnum Bonum.' Ministers, lawyers, and lairds in my young days were all jovial alike."

"Pon my soul, Walter," said Fielding, "thou makest me almost wish Minos had turned me back to be reincarnated as a jolly Scot, though my experience of them was none of the pleasantest; but here is a new-comer. Let us ask him what has been going on down there since thou left it, and whether our ancient craft is flourishing or not."

"E'en as you like, Harry," said Scott; "but the last I heard was that a regiment of dull fellows were still beating the old drum I handed to Dumas, and that the big bow-wow style is succeeding better than ever."

"Prithee, friend," said Fielding, turning to me, "if thou hast imagination enough to conjure back the memory of an earthly appetite thou mayest also fancy I have asked thee to supper and a bottle of wine. Thou wilt then converse of what interests thee, which I have no doubt is the kingdom

of letters, for the inkstains are not yet entirely washed from thy face. What sort of histories do writers compose now?"

"I have no doubt you are aware, Mr. Fielding," was my answer, "that the reading world is vastly enlarged since your day. Population has increased, education has been extended to all classes, bringing in millions of new readers; and beyond sea, in the United States and Canada, in Australia and India and South Africa, there is a public many times larger than you knew."

Scott appeared to kindle at these words. "A man must have a real grip of human nature to appeal to them all," he said.

"It does not work out that way," I answered. "The novelists are divided into groups. Some call themselves romantic and write historical novels somewhat like yours, except that they depend on situation and leave out character and humour." Scott's face expressed the utmost amazement at this exception; but I proceeded—"A very good line is to work theology or politics." ("This is the way we used to talk of tradesmen," interjected Scott.) "Then there are large numbers who work the sea business, and others who tilt at the marriage law, or the Married Woman's Property Act, or the war between male and female."

"God bless my soul," said Fielding, "has it come to that? Then I wrote all those initial chapters to *Tom Jones* in vain. It was the bookseller fellow who began it. His Pamelas and Clarissas crowded attention on one little sickly spot in life instead of human nature with all its different sides. But to think of him being imitated! Well, to be sure, 'tis easier to imitate Richardson than to follow Cervantes; and I'll warrant these newly educated crowds have little knowledge of the ancients to qualify the crudity of their taste. Let's go on comparing our merry days on earth," he said to Scott, and half turned away. "I printed my pamphlets as pamphlets," he added.

Scott, however, turned on me with a little touch of severity in his voice. "I hope," he said, "that writers still recognise Fielding as the father of the English novel. I'd expect them to turn against Shakespeare as soon as against him."

"The best admire him as much as ever," I replied; "but the women don't like him." Fielding smiled, and said that for all his praise of women he never expected them to read him, but still he would like to hear their objections; so in that region where nothing but truth can find utterance I was literally compelled to act the part of devil's advocate.

"They say that the *Tom Jones* theory of life is degrading to the sex," I replied. "That to let him escape punishment for his licentiousness and give Sophia to his embraces was criminal. One eminent novelist complains that *Tom* had no conscience; another says he would turn out a drunken, profligate husband, and that your happy ending was only a beginning of misery." Scott was about to reply to this with heat, when his companion motioned him to be silent.

"If this be criticism," quoth he, "criticism is as bad as it was in my own day; but don't they like my women?"

"Oh, Mr. Fielding," I said, "the names of your shady females are scarcely fit for mention. Mrs. Slipslop and Lady Booby, Miss Matthews and Mrs. Waters, Molly Seagrim, Laetitia Snap, and Lady Bellaston, what a disreputable crew, to be sure; then all your landladies, barmaids, kitchen-wench—frailty, thy name is woman!"

Fielding's good-humour was imperturbable. "Pray tell me," he said—"and pardon me for using the direct terms of the time I lived in—would it be considered a very unusual occurrence in the world thou hast left if a young squire seduced a gamekeeper's daughter? Is there no Miss Matthews, no Lady Bellaston, no Lady Booby in the elegant society thou hast come from? Are the inns kept by virtuous landladies and pure barmaids? No, thou answerest; why, then, had I to go back to the world I would prefer my own truth-telling time."

"But they say," I argued, "that you must have actually preferred the shady side of life—in short, that these characters are brought in for the sake of playing with vice; that you positively enjoy a risky situation."

"Well, well," said Fielding, "I remember, before thou camest, Walter, there was a fat man, who had been a critic and a poet, sought me all over Elysium. I was sitting with William Hogarth at the time, and both wishing there was some vice and ugliness here, were it only to heighten the good and beautiful by contrast, when he posted up to say that Richardson's work was diseased and mine healthy. 'Pon my word, he never gave me a chance to thank him, but talked of Kant and Hegel and object and subject till I was glad to escape from him. He knew that I had drawn the human animal, not, indeed, with all those deep passions and aspirations which are discovered by Homer and Shakespeare, but as he was in our unheroic age. I was entirely honest in the matter, I assure thee, and painted society just as I saw it."

"They hold that you never saw the spiritual side," said I. "There is no *Sturm und Drang* experience in your heroes, no struggles of the soul, no deep insight through the garmentage of life into what is essential and eternal."

"What the devil does this all mean?" cried Fielding in surprise. "I know that Minos has turned my old friend Square, the philosopher, back into the world, but he has picked up a new lingo if this be he under another shape. Canst thou explain it, Scott?"

"Not a do it!" answered Sir Walter. "Yet I seem to remember to have heard mutterings of the kind while still in the flesh. They were encouraged by Goethe and a Scotch disciple of his, to whom I paid scarcely as much attention as he deserved."

"I suppose, then," said Fielding, "the principal use now of *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews* and the rest is only to serve as butter paper—that is to say, if any copies of these works still survive."

"Not at all," was my reply. "The number of readers is now greater than ever. More new editions and more copies are issued to-day than in your lifetime. Why, not long ago one of your descendants made an

expurgated edition for women and children." Fielding stared at this piece of intelligence, and asked me to explain who read him. "Always at a time of great literary activity and healthy movement," I said, "you are admired and placed at the top. The strong men recognise your strength. It is the weak second-rater who runs you down, and when I left the game was all in the hands of the second-raters. They make a great noise, and perhaps fancy or deceive themselves into fancying that they express the opinion of the day. But they have no influence at all on the best intellects, further than to make them ignore contemporary literature altogether, and go back to you and the rest."

As was to be expected from his frequent invocation of "the bright love of fame," the great novelist appeared highly gratified at this intelligence, and asked what it was they most admired in him. Did they like those exercises in the mock heroic, the composition of which had made him so proud? Or the copious and learned extracts that illiterate Grub-street could not imitate? Or the sparkling essays in criticism disposed like a kind of framework round the story?

"Only a little for these things," was my reply; "but most of all for that they hold you to be the greatest master of narrative style who ever wrote in the English tongue. The supple, sinewy strength of the sentences; their apparent ease and simplicity; their real force and expression and mastery are unapproached. Other writers may beat you in detail. Sterne's dialogue is occasionally more vividly characteristic. Swift's irony, though never quite so fine and finished, is at times more bitterly effective. Sir Thomas Browne is richer in imagery and suggestion. Johnson has more force and dignity, but the prose of *Tom Jones*, taking it all round, is easily first, before even that of Addison or Steele, and far before that of Thackeray, who alone among recent writers has approached it. And in *Tom Jones* your style is at its best. In *Joseph Andrews* it had not fully matured; while in *Amelia* it is past its meridian. This is an age of scholarship, and there are scores of youths who could make a show of as much learning as you possessed. What you prided yourself most on was capable of being acquired; the style which was only half-conscious is inimitable."

Sir Walter Scott heard this with very slight admiration. "When I was launching my three-deckers," he said, "we paid much less attention to mere form. I myself liked *Tom Jones* best, because I felt the grip of a man in it. There never was any weakness, whatever the other faults might be, in anything done by Fielding. And there is not one of the women you mention brought in merely for the sake of a 'warm' scene. Molly and Mrs. Waters have their place in as grand a plot as was ever laid. As to Lady Bellaston, faith, Harry, you went just a trifle over the score for once; but the rest are drawn frank and free from Mother Nature, though you were luckier with the women characters than the men. Squire Western and Parson Adams are two that never were beaten, and are never likely to be. The rest are not very extraordinary. There is Partridge—he has too much of

our old friend Sancho Panza in him; and Allworthy makes me think of Taylor the water-poet's prayer when he, being drunk, asked the Virgin for strength to leap on his horse, and she gave him so much he fell on t'other side—'Oh, Lady Mary! Dear Lady Mary! when you are good you are too good'—and Thwack'em and Square—"

"Hold, hold, Scott," cried Fielding, "or thou wilt leave me as poor in reputation as my Lady Floribel was after two dowagers had caught her leaning on the shoulders of Joseph Andrews. Come, we have had enough of this, and I cannot help myself by printing it in a new initial chapter. Orpheus and Sappho are going to give a concert; let us go and hear them again, for, 'pon my word, I protest 'tis the nearest approach to a playhouse that Elysium affords."

Here the MS. suddenly breaks off, just as its predecessor had done; and if there were any more, it has, as Fielding said of the other, probably been destroyed in rolling up pens, tobacco, &c., and those who know the passage know also the warning it contains. P.

THE SNARK'S SIGNIFICANCE.

I.

MUCH fruitless speculation has been spent over supposed hidden meanings in Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark*. The inclination to search for these was strictly natural, though the search was destined to fail.

It is possible that the author was half-consciously laying a trap, so readily did he take to the inventing of puzzles and things enigmatic; but to those who knew the man, or who have divined him correctly through his writings, the explanation is fairly simple.

Mr. Dodgson had a mathematical, a logical, and a philosophical mind; and when these qualities are united to a love of the grotesque, the resultant fancies are sure to have a quite peculiar charm, a charm so much the greater because its source is subtle and eludes all attempts to grasp it. Sometimes he seems to revel in ideas which are not merely illogical but anti-logical, as where the Bellman supplies his crew with charts of the ocean in which the land is omitted for the sake of simplicity, and "north poles and equators, tropics, zones and meridian lines" are rejected because "they are merely conventional signs." Or, as in the Barrister's dream, where the Pig, being charged with deserting his sty, the Snark pleads an *alibi* in mitigation. At other times, when the nonsense seems most exuberant, we find an underlying order, a method in the madness, which makes us feel that even when he gives Fancy the rein the jade knows that the firm hand is there and there is no risk of a spill, such as seems to be the fate of so many nonsense-writers, if we may judge by the average burlesques of the day. Take "Jabberwocky," for instance. The very words are unknown to any language, ancient or modern; but they are so valuable that we have adopted them and translated them into most lan-

guages, ancient and modern. What should we do without "chortle," "uffish," "beamish," "galumphing," and the rest? The page looks, when we open it, like the wanderings of one insane; but as we read we find we have a work of creative genius, and that our language is enriched as to its vocabulary.

Whether the humour consists chiefly in the conscious defiance of logic by a logical mind, or in the half-unconscious control by that logical mind of its lively and grotesque fancies, in either case the charm arises from the author's well-ordered mind; and we need not be surprised if the feeling that this is so leads many to look for some hidden purpose in his writings.

The real origin of *The Hunting of the Snark* is very singular. Mr. Dodgson was walking alone one evening, when the words, "For the Snark was a Boojum, you see," came spontaneously into his head, and the poem was written up to them. I have heard it said that Wagner began "The Ring of the Nibelungs" by writing Siegfried's "Funeral March," which certainly contains the most important motives in the work, and that the rest of the trilogy, or tetralogy, was developed out of it; but as this great work, though finished after the publication of *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876), was certainly begun before it, it is scarcely open to me to maintain that the great German master of musical drama plagiarised in his methods from our distinguished humorist.

Starting in this way, our author wrote three stanzas of his poem (or "fits" of his "agony," as he called them), and asked if I would design three illustrations to them, explaining that the composition would some day be introduced in a book he was contemplating; but as this latter would certainly not be ready for a considerable time, he thought of printing the poem for private circulation in the first instance. While I was making sketches for these illustrations, he sent me a fourth "fit," asking for another drawing; shortly after came a fifth "fit," with a similar request, and this was followed by a sixth, seventh, and eighth. His mind not being occupied with any other book at the time, this theme seemed continually to be suggesting new developments; and having extended the "agony" thus far beyond his original intentions, Mr. Dodgson decided to publish it at once as an independent work, without waiting for *Sylvie and Bruno*, of which it was to have formed a feature.

I rather regretted the extension, as it seemed to me to involve a disproportion between the scale of the work and its substance; and I doubted if the expansion were not greater than so slight a structure would bear. The "Walrus and Carpenter" appeared to be happier in its proportion, and it mattered little whether or not it could establish a claim to be classified among literary vertebrata. However, on re-reading the *Snark* now I feel it to be unquestionably funny throughout, and I cannot wish any part cut out; so I suppose my fears were unfounded.

I remember a clever undergraduate at Oxford, who knew the *Snark* by heart, telling me that on all sorts of occasions, in all the daily incidents of life, some line from the poem was sure to occur to him that

exactly fitted. Most people will have noticed this peculiarity of Lewis Carroll's writings. In the thick of the great miners' strike of 1893 I sent to the *Westminster Gazette* a quotation from *Alice in Wonderland* about a mine; not a coal-mine, it is true, but a mustard-mine. Alice having hazarded the suggestion that mustard is a mineral, the Duchess tells her that she has a large mustard-mine on her estate, and adds, "The moral of that is—the more there is of mine the less there is of yours"; which goes to the root of the whole system of commercial competition, and was marvellously apt when landowners were struggling for their royalties, mine-owners for their profits, railway companies for cheap fuel, and miners for wages; each for "neum" against "tuum."

In our correspondence about the illustrations, the coherence and consistency of the nonsense on its own nonsensical understanding often became prominent. One of the first three I had to do was the disappearance of the Baker, and I not unnaturally invented a Boojum. Mr. Dodgson wrote that it was a delightful monster, but that it was inadmissible. All his descriptions of the Boojum were quite unimaginable, and he wanted the creature to remain so. I assented, of course, though reluctant to dismiss what I am still confident is an accurate representation. I hope that some future Darwin, in a new *Beagle*, will find the beast, or its remains; if he does, I know he will confirm my drawing.

When I sent Mr. Dodgson the sketch of the hunting, in which I had personified Hope and Care—

"They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care,
They pursued it with forks and hope"—

he wrote that he admired the figures, but that they interfered with the point, which consisted in the mixing up of two meanings of the word "with." I replied, "Precisely, and I intended to add a third—'in company with'—and so develop the point." This view he cordially accepted, and the ladies were admitted.

In the copy bound in vellum which he gave me the dedication runs: "Presented to Henry Holiday, most patient of artists, by Charles L. Dodgson, most exacting, but not most ungrateful of authors, March 29, 1876."

The above instance will show that though he justly desired to see his meanings preserved, he was not exacting in any unreasonable spirit. The accompanying letter, written after the work was complete, will sufficiently show the friendly tone which had characterised our correspondence.

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Jan. 26, 1898.

[COPY.]

"MY DEAR HOLIDAY,—I finished off my letter at Brighton yesterday in a hurry, and omitted to say how pleased I am with the proofs you sent me. They seem to me most successfully cut, and I agree with you in thinking the head of 'Hope' a great success; it is quite lovely.

On my return here last night, I found the charming chess-boards, for which accept my best thanks. My sister and I have played

several games of 'Go-bang' on them already. (I need hardly remark that they serve just as well for that, or for draughts, as they do for chess.)

Now for another bit of designing, if you don't mind undertaking it. Macmillan writes me word that the gorgeous cover will cost 1s 4d. a copy! Whereas we can't really afford more than 5d. or 6d., as we must not charge more than 3s. for the book. My idea is this, to have a simpler cover for the 3s. copies, which will, no doubt, be the ones usually sold, but to offer the gorgeous covers also at 4s., which will be bought by the rich and those who wish to give them as presents. What I want you to do is to take 'Alice' as a guide, and design covers requiring about the same amount of gold, or, better, a little less. As 'Alice' and the 'Looking-Glass' have both got grotesque faces outside, I should like these to be pretty, as a contrast, and I don't think we can do better than to take the head of 'Hope' for the first side, and 'Care' for the second; and, as these are associated with 'forks' and 'thimbles' in the poem, what do you think of surrounding them, one with a border of interlaced forks, the other with a shower of thimbles? And what do you think of putting a bell at each corner of the cover, instead of a single line? The only thing to secure is that the total amount of gold required shall be rather less than on the cover of 'Alice.'

All these are merely suggestions: you will be a far better judge of the matter than I can be, and perhaps may think of some quite different, and better, design.—Yours ever truly,

L. DODGSON.

The Chestnuts, Guildford, Jan. 15, 1876."

II.

HUMAN perversity has identified the Snark with everything possible and impossible. There exist people who, led away by the exquisite demonstration given to the Butcher by the Beaver, have seen in it a treatise on pure mathematics. Others will have it that the Bellman is only an Arctic explorer and the Snark the North Pole; while a few, basing their conjecture on the fact that the Barrister bears, in his portrait, an extraordinary resemblance to the late Dr. Kenealy, maintain that the Snark is the Tichborne Claimant. In fact, each reader finds the Snark that he deserves. My own is Fortune, and I am always lost in astonishment at the people who think it can be anything else. Observe the things with which its capture was attempted. Why, the mere mention of railway shares and soap is sufficient of itself to establish my thesis. And then look at the *dramatis personæ* and their actions. The Butcher, perceiving that novelty is the secret of success, announces himself as the only beaver-butcher in this or any other country, and the Baker aims at interest by specialising in bride-cakes. Even the Banker, whose celebrated interview with the Bandersnatch gave him so great a fright "that his waistcoat turned white," abandons his legitimate business in favour of the issue of insurance policies against fire and damage from hail. The Barrister dreams of points of the utmost nicety and rarity, and the influence of luck in the court is prettily emphasised by the Snark's assumption of the prerogatives of the Judge. The Bellman is a truly pathetic figure. He is the type of the man

who pursues fortune without any sufficient consideration of the facts of practical life, and I fancy that he must, at one time or another, have lost a good deal of money on the Stock Exchange. His sorrowful remark that "he had hoped, when the wind was due East, that the ship would *not* travel due West," is just what one could expect from a disappointed speculator. Of the Billiard-marker nothing is recorded, save that "his skill was immense"; but that of itself was more than sufficient justification for his joining in the search for Fortune, and he may well have been the most successful in the end of all the crew. The dichotomy of Snarks into those which have "feathers and bite" and those which have "whiskers and scratch" does not, I think, indicate anything more than a belief that there is more than one sort of good fortune, and that all are somewhat to be feared. The habit—common, apparently, to all Snarks—of breakfasting at five o'clock tea and dining the day afterwards, so obviously typifies the tendency of Fortune not to come to a man until it is too late to give him any pleasure that it is unnecessary to labour the point. The taste—"meagre and hollow, but crisp"—I regard as finally settling the question. All varieties of Snark have them, and the most fortunate of mankind freely admit that this is the real flavour of success. On my hypothesis the Bandersnatch would be Scandal. In *Through the Looking-Glass* this creature is more than once referred to as extraordinarily difficult to stop or to catch, and the judicious reader will remember how the Banker entirely failed to divert its attacks by the offer of large discount or even bearer cheques. But what, then, is the Boojum? It is a kind of Snark—that is clear from twenty passages. But if a sort of good fortune, how could it have so distressing an effect upon the man they called Ho? Well, I think a Boojum is that sort of sudden, unexpected luck which puts a man "above his boots," carries him into a sphere in which he is miserable, and makes his wife cut the greengrocer's lady. It is a very dangerous creature, and the warning of the Baker's Uncle is more than justified.

M. H. T.

III.

AN ingenious friend of mine once maintained, with considerable speciousness, that *The Hunting of the Snark* was written as a satire on the craving for what is called "social advancement." According to his view, the people who hunt the Snark are the people who try to "get into Society," the bankers, bakers, butchers, billiard-markers, and barristers of our day. They are headed by an individual who rings a bell because their endeavour is to attract attention. They never do get into Society, these good people. The Snark is never caught. They only find a Boojum, which my friend interpreted as a kind of suburban set, where they "never are heard of again"—in the *Morning Post*. The theory, on the face of it, has much to be said in its favour, and I trust to get further details from my informant. Why, for instance, did the

Bellman always repeat everything three times:

"What I say three times is true,"

he says, with marked emphasis?

"Ah," said my friend, "the Bellman was one of those tedious people who always repeat themselves, and who believe that a thing is proved if it is only asserted sufficiently often. I have met loads of them. Can you wonder that they never get into Society? The suburban Boojum (which I take to be a kind of Browning Society) is the only place for them."

This seemed convincing, and I next inquired why it was the Baker who found the Boojum, and not one of the others. My friend's reply was oracular. "Bakers," he said, "never get into Society. Barristers and bankers sometimes; bakers never. The Baker, therefore, was very rightly put out in the first round." No further information could I extract from my friend, and when my questions grew pertinacious, he yawned and went away. For myself, I am tempted to accept his view, and to believe that the whole poem is a prophetic satire on the career of the late Barney Barnato. Students of the poem will remember that all the Snark-hunters' names begin with a "B," which is, I think, strong evidence of my theory.

Str. J. E. C. H.

THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

V.—THE POETS OF THE THAMES.

THE Thames has been sung in all ages of song. The Elizabethans, naturally, saw it most as a pure and limpid stream, haunted of nymphs and whispering of love. Spenser made it murmur through a bridal lay. The urban Thames, the Thames which reflected the spires and gardens of London, does not live much in Elizabethan verse. The thoughts of the Elizabethans were not domestic, but were in the ends of the earth. Yet Herrick could not have failed to sing of the London Thames. He loved London. He greeted it with lyric rapture on his return to its streets, and when he bade them farewell it was to the river that he committed his tears. No lovelier lyric of the pride and sweetness of Elizabethan London remains to us than this song, in which the "silver-wristed Naidess" and "golden Cheapside" are quaintly packed:

"I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand:
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go
To bath in thee, as thousand others doe;
No more shall I along thy christall glide,
In barge with boughs and rushes beautif'd
With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste
disport,
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton
Court:
Never againe shall I with finnie ore
Put from or draw unto the faithfull shore,
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.

May all clean nimphs and curious water-
dames
With swan-like state flote up and down thy
streams:
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them leane and languishing at all:
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naidess!
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye
spring
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting!
Grow young with tydes, and though I see ye
never
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever!"

Michael Drayton did us a like service. He traced the river from Windsor downwards, and it was on the river flowing through London that he spent himself:

"Then to Westminster the next great Thames
doth entertain;
That vaunts her palace large, and her most
sumptuous fane
The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for
hers
The crowning of our kings, their famous
sepulchres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous
strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of
the land.
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little
space,
The all-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his
race)
And on by London leads, which like a
crescent lies,
Whose windows seem to mock the star-
befreckled skies;
Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves
that show,
As do the bristling reeds within his banks
that grow.
There sees his crowded wharfs, and people-
pest'red shores,
His bosom overspread with shoals of labour-
ing oars;
With that most costly bridge that doth him
most renown
By which he clearly puts all other rivers
down."

But we owe the earliest deliberate poetical eulogy of London's river to William Dunbar, Scotland's great disciple of Chaucer. The pomp of his lines has seldom been excelled. He saw London in the first years of the sixteenth century, when he came over from France in the train of ambassadors sent to negotiate the King's marriage. And thus he saluted the "Flour of Cities of All":

"Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,
Most mighty carbuncle of virtue and
valour,
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuitie;
Of royall cities rose and geraffour;
Empress of townes, exalt in honour,
In beauty beryng the crone imperiall;
Swete paradise, precelling in pleasure:
London, thou art the Flour of Cities all.

Above all rivers thy River hath renowne,
Whose beryall stremys, pleasant and pre-
clare,
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
Where many a swanne doth swymme with
wingis fare;
Where many a barge doth saile, and row
with are,
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-
royall.
O towne of townes, patron and but compare
London, thou art the Flour of Cities all."

"Where many a swanne doth swymme with wingisfare": surely all the beauty of the Thames that we have not seen is suggested in that line. A living poet has sung of the Thames swans with a note of sadness. The scene is Westminster and the song Mr. Watson's. We quote two stanzas:

"Two stately swans! What did they there?
Whence came they? Whither would they go?"

Think of them—things so faultless fair—
Mid the black shipping down below!
On through the rose and gold they passed,
And melted in the morn at last.

We ne'er shall know: our wonderment
No barren certitude shall mar.

They left behind them, as they went,
A dream than knowledge ampler far;
And from our world they sailed away
Into some visionary day."

Thus the centuries have distanced the
"glory and the dream"!

Some fine lines in praise of the urban Thames occur in Cowley's poem on the completion of Queen Henrietta Maria's repairs of old Somerset House. The poet endows the renovated pile with personality, and makes it sing its Queen's and its own praise. Note the picture of the "glorious bow" (Michael Drayton's "crescent") formed by the river between Westminster and Blackfriars:

"Before my gate a street's broad channel
goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people
flows,
And ev'ry day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach, the London tide,
The springtides of the term: my front looks
down
On all the pride and bus'ness of the Town:

My other fair and more majestic face
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itself below,
In the best mirror that the world can show.

And there behold, in a long, bending row,
How two joint cities make one glorious bow;
The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,
Best to be seen by all, and all o'er see.
Which way soe'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I
spy:

On either side dwells Safety and Delight,
Wealth on the left, and Pow'r upon the right,
T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand
Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er
Man's lib'ral piety of old did rear,
Where the two princes of th' apostle's band,
My neighbours and my guards, watch and
command."

The interest of the poem, as a tribute of the Thames, is not exhausted in the above passages. We have not space to quote the lines in which the poet pleads against the "virtuoso's" condemnation of the shabby Surrey side. But the following lines ring true to-day, and instruct the Londoner how, as a patriot, he should eye the waters that chafe the Embankment:

"And thou, fair River! who still pay'st to me
Just homage in thy passage to the sea.
Take here this one instruction as thou go'st:
When thy mix'd waves shall visit every coast,
When round the world their voyage they shall
take
And back to thee some secret channels take,

Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty Master's sov'reign fleet,
Which now triumphant o'er the main does
ride,
The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride."

Savage—of all men—struck the same note
in his poem, "London and Bristol Compared." It is a pity that his outburst of love to London was inspired by hate of Bristol:

"Now silver Isis brightening flows along,
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song;
Then weds with Tame; and these, O London,
see

Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unsullied Thames, meandering
glides

And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp strike wondering China's
eye;

And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants, India's eastern
freight."

The poets of the Pool and of the lower Thames are few. As it is, we have the jingles of Taylor, the Water-Poet, remarkable as records of seventeenth century water-life. We have the breezy and melodious songs of Charles Dibdin, in which the sailors and watermen of Georgian days, their debauches, their loves, and their ships, are celebrated. But of imaginative poetry we have little below bridges.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE SALE OF MINOR POETRY.

WE believe that a revival of interest in the works of living "minor" poets has resulted from the crowning of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* by the ACADEMY. Inquiry shows, however, that this is not universally the case. We give below a selection of replies we have received from booksellers on the subject. It appears that Mr. Phillips's *Poems* are in brisk demand, and that the sale of other contemporary poetry has in places been stimulated:

A London bookseller sends the following report:

"A new interest in poetry generally has been created by the ACADEMY in 'crowning' Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems*, and in bringing so prominently before its readers the merits of some other of our modern, not minor, poets; for if the opinion of a bookseller be worth anything (which is doubtful, according to your egotistical anonymous correspondent), the poetry of some of our so-called minor poets will bear comparison with, if it does not excel, much that has been written by the great poets of the past.

When the award of the ACADEMY became known there was a brisk demand for Mr. Phillips's *Poems* and Mr. Henley's *Essay on Burns*—the former going out of print in three or four days. Two other books to which attention was drawn—Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* and Mr. Watson's *Hope of the World*—have been selling well; while there has been a fair demand for Colonel John Hay's *Poems*, Mr. Watts-Dunton's

Coming of Love, &c., Mr. Owen Seaman's *Battle of the Bays*, Mr. Francis Thompson's *Poems*, and the two volumes by Carmen Sylva. There has been a large demand for Mr. Austin Dobson's *Collected Poems*, and Mr. Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *Seven Seas*, and *Departmental Ditties* always sell well.

Another London bookseller's experience is less rosy. He writes:

"I do not hesitate to say that, so far as our experience goes, the sale of the poems of Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Henry Newbolt has had no effect whatever on the sale of minor poetry generally—it is, and always will be, a 'drug in the market,' and with the exception of the spurt three or four years ago, when we were introduced to Mr. Watson, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. John Davidson, and one or two others, who are still popular, there is absolutely no change to note. The general public will not have it at any price, and the number of bookbuyers is too small to make many volumes really successful."

A Bristol correspondent writes:

"Mr. Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* is worth more to the trade than the whole of the output of other versifiers. Of the latter, Mr. William Watson always sells. Mr. Stephen Phillips's work is of interest now, but we have not yet met with an enthusiast among the purchasers of his *Poems*. Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* sells freely."

From Birmingham we learn:

"Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* had been recognised in Birmingham by a small circle before he was crowned by the ACADEMY, but since then a greater interest has been awakened in him. Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* is still in demand."

A Bournemouth bookseller writes:

"I have always found a steady sale for some of the minor poets. Mr. Watson's new poems, as issued, have always sold very fairly. Mr. Davidson's ballads used to sell well, and sell still. Mr. John B. Tabb's *Poems* have sold fairly this season. Mr. Francis Thompson's first volume of verse sold well, and his later volume has gone fairly. I think Mr. William Watson is generally accepted here as the favourite of modern minor poets, and Mr. Le Gallienne's poetry sells."

A Cheltenham bookseller makes a suggestion:

"We have done fairly well with Mr. Phillips's *Poems*, but minor poets are very unsaleable. I would suggest that minor poets would issue their early works in dainty little volumes, elegantly bound and printed, with one or two very pretty illustrations, thus making attractive and inexpensive gift-books."

An Eastbourne bookseller, who has little demand for the works of living poets, endeavours to account for the fact:

"I have received orders for Mr. Phillips's *Poems*, but cannot say that it has caused any increased demand for minor poetry. Personally, I think the cause of the decline in the readers of poetry is the dropping out of Poetry from most of the leading schools, more particularly boys'. At one time it always formed a part of education; now it is quite an exception, excepting in high-class ladies' schools."

THE WEEK.

THE principal books of the week are biographical; and there is a continuation of the output of books of travel. But publishing, as a whole, remains inactive.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON is the guardian of Hogarth's fame in our generation; and he has just issued a new and revised edition of his biography of the artist. It contains much more matter than its predecessor, which was published in 1891. The "Memoir" has been revised, the "Bibliography" extended, and the catalogues of Hogarth's Prints and Paintings have been verified and supplemented. In a special preface to this edition Mr. Dobson makes the following interesting plea for Hogarth as a colourist:

"The unprecedented modern development of the graphic arts, and the prevalence of a milder method in satire, have, perhaps, somewhat attenuated the interest hitherto felt in Hogarth as an engraver and a pictorial moralist. But the tenacious admirer cannot fail to have observed with complacency that Hogarth's reputation as a painter has grown, and continues to grow. It is not of great importance now that during his lifetime Churchill called him 'Dauber,' and Wilkes spoke of his portraits as 'almost beneath criticism,' since they were simply flowers of faction. Yet it must be remembered that others of his contemporaries said much the same thing. Horace Walpole, for example, held the colouring of the *Sigmunda* to be 'wretched,' and he asserted in sober earnest that 'as a painter Hogarth had but slender merit.' The verdict of the Strawberry Hill virtuoso was echoed by many, long after the deaths of both artist and critic; and Hogarth's pictures, dispersed for the most part in private hands, were not forthcoming to plead their own cause. When at last a selection of them was brought together in 1814 and 1817, it began to dawn upon the spectator that secondhand report had been more at fault than usual, and this view gained ground steadily until the exhibition of 1862, when the matter ceased to be even doubtful. Since then, as specimen after specimen has been submitted to an unbiased public at Burlington House and elsewhere, the reaction has gone on, and though here and there a jarring voice is still heard, the practical consensus of critical opinion in England, in America, and on the Continent, is to the effect that, so far from being an indifferent colourist, William Hogarth, at his best, was really a splendid painter, worthy to rank in all respects with the greatest of his contemporaries of the brush."

The book is beautifully produced, and runs to nearly 350 large octavo pages.

A LETTER from Mr. Gladstone does duty as a prefatory note to Mr. James Francis Hogan's (M.P.) *The Gladstone Colony*. This proposed colony is now all but forgotten. But Mr. Hogan makes the object of his book clear in the following passage in his introduction:

"In this book, then, I have endeavoured to present a complete and comprehensive survey of Mr. Gladstone's political connexion with the Colonies. For the first time a full and detailed account is given of Mr. Gladstone's most interesting experiment as Colonial Secretary, namely, his attempted establishment, just fifty years ago, of a new colony to be called North Australia. That colony did not succeed in

securing a permanent place on the map, but its intended metropolis—the site on which Mr. Gladstone's frontier settlers encamped—was successfully established, and continues to have Mr. Gladstone's name to this day. . . . In addition. . . . I have devoted some space to Mr. Gladstone's ideas on the problem of the treatment and reformation of the prisoners transported from the British Isles to the penal Colonies—a subject in which, as Colonial Secretary, he took the deepest interest, and which was the main impulse and inspiring motive of the new colony that he endeavoured to establish."

It will be of interest to quote Mr. Gladstone's prefatory letter. It is dated "Hawarden, April 20, 1897," and is as follows:

"DEAR MR. HOGAN,—My recollections of Gladstone were most copious, and are now half a century old.

The period—December, 1845, when I became Colonial Secretary—was one when the British Government had begun to feel nonplussed by the question of transportation. Under the pressure of this difficulty Lord Stanley, or the Colonial Office of this day, framed a plan for the establishment, as an experiment, of a pure penal colony without free settlers (at least at the outset).

When I came in, the plan might have been arrested in the event of disapproval; but the Government were, I think, committed, and I had only to put the last hand to the scheme."

So it went on towards execution.

In July, 1846, the Government was changed, and Lord Grey succeeded me. He said he would make none but necessary changes in pending measures. He, however, annihilated this scheme. For that I do not know that he is to be severely blamed. But he went on, and dealt with the question in such a way as to produce a mess—I think more than one—far worse than any that he found. The result was the total and rather violent and summary extinction of the entire system.

Here I lost sight of the fate of 'Gladstone.' It has my good wishes, but I have nothing else to give.—Yours very faithfully,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

We may add that Mr. Hogan's book will not be all pleasant reading to Mr. Gladstone. A chapter headed, "A Grievous Error of Mr. Gladstone's," revives the circumstances of the recall of Sir Eardley Wilmot from his post as Governor of Van Diemen's Land in 1846. The case excited intense interest at the time, and was used by Mr. Gladstone's opponents.

An interesting arrival is the *Autobiography of Arthur Young*, the writer on agriculture, whose work, *Travels in France During 1787-1790* is still consulted as a remarkably graphic description of the state of France just before the French Revolution. The autobiography has been edited by Miss M. Betham Edwards, who writes:

"From seven packets of MS. and twelve folio volumes of correspondence I have put together all that a busy public will probably care to know of Arthur Young—his strength and weakness, his one success and innumerable failures, his fireside and his friends."

Arthur Young was a magnificent blunderer. The editors of a recently published biographical dictionary tell us that on a small farm in Essex, which he rented from his mother, he made three thousand unsuccessful experiments. On a larger farm he

ruined himself. Yet he was "one of the first to elevate agriculture to a science."

In the later years of a chequered and many-sided life, Arthur Young fell into religious melancholia.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE BOOK OF THE TWELVE PROPHETS. By George Adams Smith, D.D. Vol. II. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL: A STUDY FOR THE TIMES. By J. Guinness Rogers, D.D. James Bowden.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS PLACE, 1771-1854. By Graham Wallas, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.

THE TWO DUCHESSES: GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE; ELIZABETH DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE: FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Vere Foster. Blackie & Son. 16s.

THOMAS BENT JERVIS. By W. P. Jervis. Elliot Stock.

THE GLADSTONE COLONY: AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF AUSTRALIAN HISTORY. By James Francis Hogan, M.P. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

ERNEST R. BALFOUR. By R. J. Mackenzie, M.A., and the Rev. C. G. Lang, M.A.

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 2 vols.

RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Methuen & Co.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ARTHUR YOUNG. Edited by M. Betham-Edwards. Smith, Elder & Co. 12s. 6d.

HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA. By G. W. Ruden. 3 vols. Second edition. Melville, Mullen & Slade.

THE CITIZEN OF INDIA. By W. Lee-Warner, C.S.I. Macmillan & Co.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

AT THE GATES OF SONG: SONNETS BY LLOYD MIFFLIN. Illustrated by Thos. Moran. Second edition. Estes & Lauriat.

THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST, IN ENGLISH. By Thos. E. Webb, LL.D. NEW EDITION, WITH THE DEATH OF FAUST FROM THE SECOND PART. Longmans, Green & Co.

BY SEVERN SEA, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. Herbert Warren, M.A. John Murray. 7s. 6d.

THE TOWNLEY PLAYS. Re-edited from the unique MS. by George England. With Side-notes and Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard, M.A. Kegan Paul.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

THE CANTONS. By Lord Lytton. Service & Paton.

SCIENCE.

A TEXT-BOOK OF ZOOLOGY. By T. Jeffery Parker, D.Sc., and William A. Haswell, M.A. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 36s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA, 1895-98. By A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S. Methuen & Co.

THE NIGER SOURCES, AND THE BORDERS OF THE NEW SIERRA LEONE PROTECTORATE. By Lieut.-Col. J. K. Trotter, R.A. Methuen & Co. 5s.

THE COCKNEY COLUMNIST. By David Christie Murray. Downey & Co. 6s.

TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS OF THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN NEW FRANCE. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. 5 vols. Elliot Stock.

FOREIGN.

LA FIN DU CLASSICISME, ET LE RETOUR A L'ANTIQUÉ. Par Louis Bertrand. Librairie, Hachette et Cie. (Paris).

EDUCATIONAL.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: OVID. By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A. LIVY. By Rev. Lucas W. Collins, M.A. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. HISTORY OF ENGLAND FOR THE USE OF MIDDLE FORMS OF SCHOOLS. By F. York Powell, M.A., and T. F. Tont, M.A. Part II. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHEAT OF THE FUTURE, BEING A FORECAST. By Lieut.-Col. B. Lowry. Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. THE YEAR-BOOK OF TREATMENT FOR 1898. Cassell & Co. 7s. 6d. THE STORY OF THE BRITISH COINAGE. By Gertrude Burford Rawlings. George Newnes, Ltd. 1s. APPLICATION OF PSYCHOLOGY TO EDUCATION. By Johann Friedrich Herbart. Translated by Beatrice C. Mulliner. With a Preface by Dorothy Beale. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.

DRAMA.

NO Shakespearean play is more read or oftener quoted than "Julius Cæsar"; but this popularity it does not owe to the modern stage, which has shown a strange disposition to relegate it to the upper shelf. The last great English actor who revived "Julius Cæsar" in London was Phelps, and with the exception of a few stray performances of the tragedy at Drury-lane, his triumph (in the part of Brutus) dates back to the golden period of Sadler's Wells. From this limbo of neglect the noblest of the historical plays has at length been rescued by Mr. Tree, and no one witnessing the ornate and impressive production at Her Majesty's can help a feeling of surprise that this play, with its wonderful adaptability to the art of *mise-en-scène*, should not earlier have attracted the attention of the modern manager. From the acting point of view, no doubt, "Julius Cæsar" presents drawbacks. It contains little or no "female interest," and the three chief characters—Brutus, Cassius, and Antony—stand so nearly on an equality that the actor-manager must be as much puzzled to choose among them as the ass in the fable between his bottles of hay. Cæsar himself is a striking character, though his greatness is manifested chiefly in the deference paid him. Brutus attracts by his faultless rhetoric and pose, Antony and Cassius by their intellectual subtlety. Mr. Tree elects to play Antony, assigning Brutus to Mr. Waller, and Cassius to Mr. Franklyn McLeay. This distribution of parts, on the whole, is happily made; it would be difficult, with the present resources of the London stage, to suggest a better.

BUT it is mainly by reason of its pictorial qualities that the present production, in which Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., has taken an important hand, excels. The Lyceum itself has shown us nothing finer in mounting. The busy streets of Rome, with their mingled crowds of senators, patricians, and plebeians, live before us, the whole showing against a background of marble edifices and stately architecture indicative of a dawning imperialism. When the Saxe-Meiningen Company visited this country fifteen years ago to play "Julius Cæsar" they surprised London managers by their dexterous manipulation of the crowd. Mr. Tree has profited by the example. By dint of the expression given to the popular passion, the forum scene, where Brutus and Antony successively harangue the crowd, is one of the most moving episodes known to the stage. Swayed now this way, now that, the crowd becomes a veritable factor in the drama, as well as a curious object lesson in democracy. The shouters are with Brutus while he is addressing them; but Antony, having his opportunity, deftly turns their passions in his favour, and the exhibition of the "bleeding lump of clay" that once was Cæsar, and of the dagger-rent and blood-stained cloak of the dictator, rouse the fury of the mob to its height. It is, in truth, a memorable scene. But everywhere the plastic hand of the artist is in evidence. Every scene has the careful composition of

a picture. Notably is this so with Cæsar's assassination in the Senate House. In order to throw Antony into prominence, Mr. Tree has edited the text so as to extend the first act to Antony's entry to the dead body of Cæsar. This gives an act of two hours' duration, probably the longest on record. On the whole, a representation worthy of its subject!

IF the Stage suffers a little in general from the lack of candid friends it cannot be said at the present time to lie under that disadvantage. To Mr. Clement Scott, who has been assailing it on the score of its morality, succeeds Mr. Pinero, who exposes its ill-manners, its pose, its pretentiousness, its insincerities. There could be no severer indictment of the theatrical profession than Mr. Pinero has drawn up in the guise of his genial comedy, "Trelawny of the Wells." To be sure, the period of the story is not of the present day, nor is the scene laid in a West End theatre. Mr. Pinero treats of the "early sixties" and of life behind the scenes at Sadler's Wells, familiarly known as "the Wells"; but if the externals of the profession have been modified since that time, its spirit assuredly has not. The Ethiopian does not change his skin nor the leopard his spots within a generation. And what a sordid picture it is thus limned by a master hand! One is almost surprised to find actors lending themselves with so much zeal and cordiality to an exposure of the seamy side of their calling, which, even to the public in front, is in some degree painful. Many dramatists—English and French—have brought the actor before us with a halo of romance on his brow—David Garrick, Nance Oldfield, Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, being examples. It has been reserved for Mr. Pinero to turn his lantern upon the green-room, and even to follow the popular idol home to his shabby theatrical lodging. Nothing more painfully realistic than "Trelawny of the Wells"—a section of the public, perhaps, will call it comic—has proceeded from this painstaking dramatist's pen since he wrote "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

"STORY" one speaks of in connexion with this play, but story is hardly the word; for the plot is meagreness itself. "Trelawny of the Wells" is a sketch-book rather than a play. Such dramatic effect as it embodies is obtained by contrast, the inner life of the stage, with its tawdry squalor being thrown into sharp relief against a background of West End society. The "Trelawny" of the title is, in fact, Miss Trelawny, leading lady of "the Wells," who in the first act is being fêted by her colleagues at a dinner on her departure for the West End, as a preliminary to her marriage with the grandson of Sir William Gower. The Bohemianism of a Clerkenwell lodging in contrast with the formality and straitlacedness of Cavendish-square! Such is Mr. Pinero's theme, which he proceeds to illustrate act by act. For the better working of the scheme a curious condition is imposed upon Miss Trelawny's emancipation. She leaves the stage, but not immediately to wed her aristocratic fiancé. She has to pass a few

weeks in the house of her prospective father-in-law, in order, we are told, to become acquainted with the usages of good society. Strange society it is, even for the abode of a senile Vice-Chancellor in the early sixties! In the sombre drawing-room, after dinner, everybody dozes; music is tabooed; the most violent distraction indulged in is family whist. Here, perhaps, there is a touch of caricature introduced, for the sake of heightening the effect. Sir William is pompous, tetchy, old-fashioned, with his eternal silver snuff-box, and his "much obliged"; and he has a maiden sister more fossilised, if possible, than himself. That such a family should be receiving a theatrical lady into its bosom is passing strange.

WHAT Miss Trelawny's social training has been we learn from the dinner at which "pro's" of every line of business—the heavy father, the tragedy queen, the singing chambermaid, the low comedian, and the rest—assemble to pay her their respects. Mr. Pinero has noted the actor in his habit as he lives, and fills the scene with realistic portraits. In his delineation of the actor's vanity, of his bombast, of his jealousy, of the sham glitter and tinsel of the theatrical profession, he is unsparing. It is, in truth, a squalid picture. Stimulated with draughts of beer from the public-house round the corner, the company grow hilarious and loud. The tragedian picks his bones with his fingers while declaiming against the prejudice of those who declare that the actor is not a gentleman; the low comedian thinks it a capital joke to sit down to table with a lady's bonnet on his head. The note of the gathering is vulgar, rowdy. But every reveller, even in his cups, is an actor still, strutting with a stage stride, re-echoing in his trivial talk the rhetoric of the Sheridan Knowles drama, and passing the salt with a theatrical air. How Miss Trelawny relishes her transplantation from amid such surroundings to the boredom of Cavendish-square may be guessed. She pines for her liberty like a caged bird. After the manner of the heroine of "Le Mariage d'Olympe," she is seized with *la nostalgie de la boue*. Here is contrast, indeed, and the effect is heightened when one night she gratifies her Bohemian yearnings by introducing into the seigneurial drawing-room, after Sir William and his sister have gone to bed, a party of her old colleagues from "the Wells." The men suck their dirty pipes, help themselves to the Vice-Chancellor's liquor, quarrel and fight; the women scream. The scene is pandemonium, in the midst of which Sir William and his sister appear in their dressing-gowns. Naturally the experiment of civilising Miss Trelawny ends. She goes back with her colleagues to "the Wells," and the aristocratic engagement is broken off.

So far, contrast has been obtained by bringing the players under Sir William's roof. It is now Sir William's turn to look up the players in their proper habitat. This he does with a view to "doing something" for Miss Trelawny. He finds her in the Clerkenwell lodging-house where the members of "the Wells" company "dear" and "darling" each other in the free-and-easiest

of camaraderie, and have the run of each other's rooms. Contrast again! Among the "pro's" is a young dramatist engaged in "general utility," in whom can be detected some affinity with the late T. W. Robertson, for Mr. Pinero remembers that the early sixties saw the germs of the "teacup-and-saucer drama." By way of a reaction against the rhodomontade of the Sheridan Knowles school, the young dramatist dreams of a drama in which men will appear in tweed suits and girls in muslin frocks. It is Sir William who gives him his chance by financing the production of one of his plays, "Life"—a Robertsonian title—at the Parthenon Theatre for the benefit of Miss Trelawny. After that, in the fourth act, comes a realistic rehearsal of the new play with Sir William as an interested onlooker; which yields contrast again, thanks mainly to the presence of a noisy stage-manager who "darlings" all the ladies of the company; and here, somewhat perfunctorily, the long estranged lovers are reunited with Sir William's blessing. From this circumstance it will be guessed how little plot, properly so-called, there is in the piece. This absence of story tends to make the play drag and may jeopardise its chance of a prolonged popularity, but the contrasted types of character are vivid and interesting to the last. In this effect, the costumes play their part—the hideous crinoline, the pork-pie hat, the greasy bag-net, the white cotton stockings, the elastic-sided boots, the peg-top trousers, of the period, all showy and vulgar. The company of the Court Theatre, where "Trelawny of the Wells" is produced, appear to find it a congenial task to enact the "pro's" of a previous question. One and all, they do it as though to the manner born—Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Hilda Spong, Miss Pattie Browne, Mr. Athol Forde, Mr. George du Maurier, Mr. E. M. Robson, and others. A graphic embodiment of old-world senility is given by Mr. Dion Boucicault as Sir William, and the prototype of Robertson is sympathetically rendered by Mr. Paul Arthur. A young peer sustains the part of the *fiancé*, disguising his identity under the name of "James Erskine."

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

SIR,—In his recent interesting article on "Newspaper English" Mr. Nisbet raised a point that deserves further consideration before his conclusion can be accepted. In his judgment, the phrase "No one was there but I" is wrong, because the word "but" has the same force as "except," and should, therefore, be followed by the objective "me." The common usage is, however, not only defensible, but also probably correct. Take another instance:

"The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled."

When this was proposed to me not long ago as an example of questionable grammar, my first opinion was in agreement with

Mr. Nisbet's, although it seemed that the rule which would substitute "him" for "he" in these lines was one more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Then other phrases were examined: "All but he were saved." It sounded right. "They saved no one but he." It seemed unutterably wrong. After turning many other sentences about in the same way, I came to the conclusion that the pronoun followed the case of the collective word with which it was placed in contrast, and that this was, therefore, an instance of attraction overriding any dubious prepositional force in the word "but."

Perhaps it were best to make no hard and fast rules. I cordially agree when Mr. Nisbet affirms that the purists threaten to become insufferable pedants. If the "garden" of our English speech is "running wild," still there are seasons when the tares must be left to grow for awhile, because weeding is more dangerous to the crop. The language is not a dead thing, to be cut to measure. Is not Mr. Nisbet a little inconsistent in his desire for "an authoritative declaration with respect to" one of his puzzles? There is, so far as I am aware, no authority great enough to settle these matters, except the English people. It may be objected that they are not capable. They were capable, though, of creating the language; and, as a matter of fact, they are at this present time settling one of the minutest details of it—a small affair of spelling.

It is well known that every trade has a number of technical words, which are good English, but are by no means familiar to the general public. So long as these words are not used outside the factories, it is common to find that they may be spelt in a variety of ways, all correct. You take your choice. A wheelwright tells me, for instance, that it is quite optional whether you write "lynch pin," or "linch-pin," or "lince-pin"; that "felley" is as common as "felloe"; and so on. But, he says, the spelling of "tyre" is becoming fixed. Ten years ago, "tire," "tier," or "tyer" were permissible alternatives, the word probably standing for the thing that *tied* a wheel together. But now that it has escaped from the wheelwright's shop and every bicyclist uses it, we are coming to an arbitrary decision in favour of "tyre." It probably has not occurred to either wheelwright or bicyclist that the question should have been submitted to an authority.—I am, yours, &c.,

G. S.

SIR,—If the endless controversy between the rights of "Whitsun Day" and "Whitsunday," to which Mr. J. F. Nisbet alludes, could be put to a "Folks-Referendum," or in appeal to the language traditions of the common people, judgment must certainly be given on behalf of the earlier of the two forms. I have been in the habit for some years past of taking evidence upon the point whenever I have come across any contemporary mention of the season in seventeenth century documents. To empty the contents of my notes into the columns of the ACADEMY would require more of them than you could possibly spare. But I will select four, which prove that the "Whitsun" use pre-

vailed among all classes of the English people throughout the seventeenth century. 1615: Parish Register of Youlgrove, co. Derby, "Witson Week." 1634: Sir William Brereton (*Travels in Holland*, p. 12)—"Upon Whitsun-Tuesday, about 11 of the clock, we took waggon for Dort." 1660: William Caton the Quaker (*Autobiography*, p. 99)—"The time called Whitsuntide." 1672: Oliver Heywood (one of Calamy's Two Thousand Nonconformist Confessors, *Hunter's Life of O. H.*, 239, 240)—"God hath cut out work for me in a new place, for upon Whitsun Tuesday, May 28, I was called to preach at John Butterworth's house in Warley."

The oral tradition still survives. On Bank-holiday, June 6, 1892, I had a chat upon the road with an octogenarian townswoman, who said to me, "A great many more people came to Harrow last Whitsun-Monday."

I doubt whether the contraction of "Whitsun" into "Whit" is especially characteristic of the modern English love for shortness as some imagine. The contraction of "Pfingsten" into "Pfingst," in the compounding of a pentecostal phrase, has become no less frequent among the Germans and the German Switzers. The word "Pfingsten" is generally restricted in the popular Calendars to the Sunday, while the next day is called "Pfingstmontag," and not "Pfingsten-montag." Similarly Whitsun plays or games are now generally called "Pfingstspiele."—I am, yours

T. HANCOCK.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

NEWSPAPER LATIN.

SIR,—You will be doing a service if you will call attention to two familiar blunders which one meets with too often in newspapers, and even in more permanent literature.

Why should *a priori*, *a posteriori*, *a fortiori*, &c., be so often written *d priori*, *d posteriori*, *d fortiori*, as if they were French, not Latin?

The use of *cui bono* in the sense of *for what good purpose?* is one for which, as Macaulay would have said, any fifth form boy would be flogged. No other meaning of the words is possible than that in which Cicero used them in his celebrated oration: *for whose benefit?*

Is it not possible to check the use, now adopted even by writers who ought to set us a better example, of the word *phenomenal* in the excruciating sense of "remarkable"?

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

EDUCATION FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Emil Reich's letter complaining that my article contained no reference to Mr. Wren's successful training-college (not to use an invidious word)—he himself gives a sufficient explanation, if any is needed, in the fact that the Reports of the Commissioners do not furnish statistics of such establishments. However, no injustice was intended, and Mr. Wren's success is matter of common

knowledge. I think, however, that probably Mr. Reich claims too much for him; if not, he could easily establish his case by a few figures. Taking the official returns for 1892-3 and 1895—the only ones I have at hand—I find that in those years there passed into the Indian Service from Oxford and Cambridge seventy-three and thirty-eight respectively, and that of these there were “subsequently specially prepared” twenty-two and eighteen respectively. Whether the final year, which Mr. Reich seems to indicate, is really the *causa causans* of success or not, each will judge for himself. It would have been unfair in me to mark out Mr. Wren's establishment when others—perhaps quite as worthy, though less large—were not named. And would not Mr. Wren have been more gracefully championed by one of those who owed success to him than by one of his able assistants?—Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

Jan. 22, 1898.

SIR,—In your last week's number you published a letter containing the astounding statement that while a certain proportion of those who pass for the Indian Civil are “educated” at Oxford, a certain other proportion—I forget the figures—are “educated” by Mr. Wren. Mr. Wren is, I believe, an extremely able man, and I am inclined to think that he would never advance so preposterous a claim. Mr. Wren makes no pretence of “educating” anybody. It is not his *métier*. He teaches people to pass examinations. The two functions are quite distinct, and “educated” people do not confound them.—Yours faithfully,

ST. JOHN E. C. HANKIN.

Jan. 21, 1898.

“MACCHAILEAN MOHR.”

SIR,—I am not a reader of *Longman's*, and do not know the precise connexion in which the expression occurs; but “Macchailean Mohr” is a correction of “The Maccallum More,” which you probably met with in Scottish history. “Macchailean Mohr” means the Great Son of Colin—apparently a family name of the house of Argyll. Mr. Lang, of course, was referring to the Duke of Argyll, for whom a place was claimed in the list of Academicians.—Yours very truly,

HECTOR MACAULAY.

Beowsa Church, Stornoway, N.B.:

Jan. 20, 1898.

BACCHYLIDES.

SIR,—Your reviewer (January 15) on Mr. Kenyon's *Bacchylides*, says airily, “None of the *Dii Majores* have yet appeared. Some day we may be electrified by the announcement of a volume of Sappho's lyrics, or a play of Menander.” Short of being “electrified,” since he is a lover of Menander, he may be glad to know six fragments of the *Georgics*, one of the most

celebrated of the plays of Menander, have been discovered, and may be read in the edition just published of M. Jules Nicole.—I am yours, &c.,

LANE E. HARRISON.

Sesame Club, 28, Dover-street:

Jan. 20, 1898.

[Owing to pressure upon our space, we have been obliged to hold over correspondence on “A Benedictine Martyr in England” and Prof. Ratzel's *History of Mankind* till next week.]

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE collected edition of *The Bab Ballads*, to which is added a selection of the songs and ballads in Mr. Gilbert's operas, has been widely noticed. The *Times*' critic somewhat discounts the “raptures” of a recent *Quarterly Reviewer* who hailed Mr. Gilbert as a considerable poet. But he admits that readers of this volume

“will find wit and fun in plenty; endless amusement if they are gifted with the sense of humour themselves; many charming songs, so liltily written that they seem to set themselves to music as one reads them—in short, they will find all the qualities that have won Mr. Gilbert's popularity, and made many of his phrases and topsy-turvyisms household words.”

The *Daily News*' critic considers Mr. Gilbert simply as a fanciful and brilliant humorist. He writes:

“Mr. Gilbert has been said to base his humour upon a sort of ‘topsy-turveydom’ in morals and social practices. Topsy-turveydom is, indeed, the direct subject of ‘My Dream’; it flourishes again in that delicious piece of nonsense, ‘The Periwinkle Girl’ and her aristocratic lovers; and is traceable in ‘Blue Blood,’ from *Iolanthe*, which imagines a state of existence wherein a title and a vast rent-roll are positive bars to success in love. It would, on the other hand, be a great mistake to say that the fun of the ‘Bab Ballads’ depends wholly, or even for the most part, on the trick of reversing social conditions. It lies more often in satire of the sort which is found lurking in the Judge's song, and the Usher's charge in *Trial by Jury* in ‘They'll none of them be missed,’ from *The Mikado* and in the ‘Darned Mounseer’—the latter an obvious satire upon popular British Chauvinism, though from some unaccountable perversity of interpretation it greatly wounded the susceptibilities of the *Paris Figaro*.”

The *Westminster Gazette*, referring to our recent suggested list of forty names for an “Academy of Letters,” writes:

“In a recent symposium concerning the writers who would form a British Academy of Letters, if such an institution existed, someone had the good sense to suggest that Mr. W. S. Gilbert should be among the number. ‘What! include a comic writer?’ cried certain serious persons, who straightway proposed instead the names of certain inconspicuous solemnities. We are not ourselves enamoured of academies in any form; but if forty representative English writers have to be selected for any purpose whatever, dare anyone say that Mr. Gilbert ought not to be among them?”

“Studies in Frankness”
By Charles Whibley.

MR. WHIBLEY's onslaught on Puritanism in literature has pleased some critics immensely. The *Pall Mall Gazette* heads its review “Free, Frank, and Fearless,” and the reviewer writes in a vein of sympathetic irony:

“So great is his zeal, indeed, that he inclines us to the uncomfortable suspicion that no man can project a masterpiece till he stands, Marius-like, amid the ruins of the Decalogue, and that to rob a till is but the first step to literary greatness. Mr. Whibley's open and wanton delight in the artistry of crime was manifest to all whose fortune it was to read his *Book of Scoundrels*, and so here his sympathy with needy rascallions in whom is developed the artistic sense, and with nondescript villains who point their peccadillos and adorn their crimes with tags of Horace and quotations from the classics, flashes along every line of his brilliant and masterly essay on Petronius. In fact, so insistent and so dominant are these sympathies, and—a plague on him!—so well does he write, that we would hesitate ere we entrusted him with our purse or even our life, though we will do him the justice of admitting that the conveying would be effected with distinction and the killing consummated with style.”

The *Chronicle* also packs its review into the title thereof: “Unfrank Studies in Frankness.”

“Though,” it says, “we find ourselves now and again revolting from Mr. Whibley's judgments, yet there can be no dispute that the body of the book is a serious and learned contribution to letters. All the more do we regret that he should have sought to commend his solid wares by a claptrap title and a perversely paradoxical preface. . . . The preface deals mainly with those trite subjects which are dear to the heart of the Oxford examiner—art for art's sake, genius is a law to itself, the good writer must be a good man. Over this familiar ground we are not minded to follow Mr. Whibley; but, not content with re-asserting the liberty of prophesying, he tries to carry the war into the enemy's country. Not content with the claim that for the artist no fig-leaves exist, he would make it a note of genius to have stripped off the fig-leaves of conventionality, and laid bare the nakedness of nature. . . . Mr. Whibley insists on our admiring the great satirists, playwrights, and romancers, because of their least comely parts, though, when he comes to details, he is, as we have said, very careful to keep these parts out of sight. This is, as his favourite Aristotle would put it, to defend a hypothesis with a vengeance.”

The *Speaker* is genial and mildly critical. Of the essays it says:

“All are good, but we like the last best. Nothing, indeed, could well be happier than its tone and temper throughout, yet the subject, being a whimsical one, is hard to treat. Mr. Whibley dubs Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, the translator of the earlier parts of Rabelais, and the author of at least two of the most astounding books in the world, the ‘most fantastic of Scotsmen.’ Now, how fantastical Scotsmen can be, have been, and are, it is given to few authoritatively to pronounce; but that Sir Thomas was the most fantastical Scot who ever put his fantasy into print is a proposition easy to defend.”

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